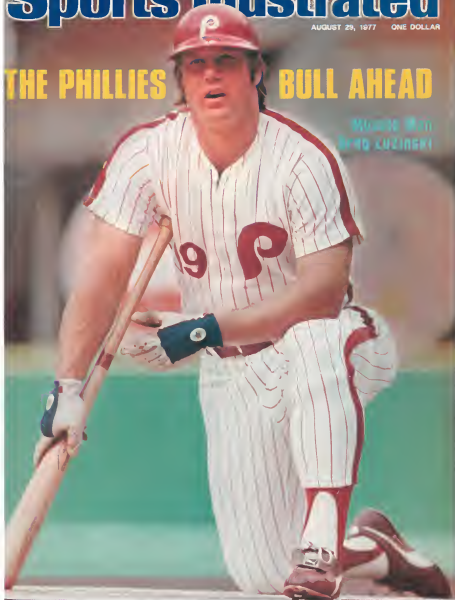


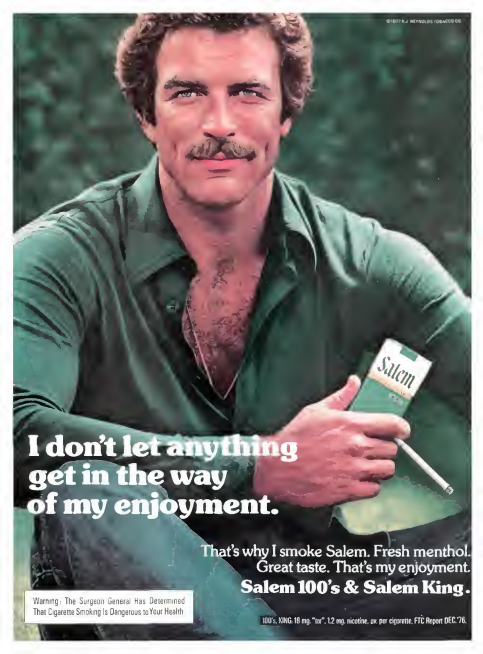
Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 29, 1977 ONE DOLLAR

THE PHILLIES BULL AHEAD

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A man with a mustache and a green shirt is shown from the chest up. He is holding a pack of Salem cigarettes in his right hand and a lit cigarette in his left hand. The background is a blurred green, suggesting an outdoor setting.

**I don't let anything
get in the way
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That's why I smoke Salem. Fresh menthol.
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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Get the one to grow on.



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Later, for Homeowner's insurance, we saw our Allstate agent again.



And now we're in good hands with Allstate's Family Plan Life Insurance. The Two-Parent-Family Plan covers us, and when the kids came along . . .



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Why one tennis shoe lasts longer than others

by Pancho Segura



A test has been made.

People are always telling me how their tennis shoes wear out too quickly. I agree with them. And then I show them the shoe I wear.

The Puma with the radial sole—the 'Hard Court.'

I began to wear this shoe last year.

When I teach, I am always moving, running. I used to go through a pair of shoes in maybe three or four weeks. This Puma shoe gives me about seven weeks on cement—and I'm on the court for hours on end. I am impressed to think how long it will last the average player who is not on the court all the time like me.

Read the laboratory test results in the chart and you will learn why the Puma lasts so long: the resistance to abrasion of the Puma sole is better than all the other big-name tennis shoes.

Abrasion Resistance Level

Puma 'Hard Court'	135
Fred Perry	120
Adidas Haillet	92
Bata	85
Tretorn Blue	30
Pro Keds	29
Converse All-Star	18

The higher the number, the longer the sole lasts. For copy of test, write Beconta Inc., 50 Executive Blvd., Elmsford, NY 10523.

A mind behind the sole.

There is very intelligent thinking behind the design of this sole. Notice how all the edges are rounded. The effect is like a radial tire; you always have as much rubber gripping the court as possible, even when your foot is leaning over on one edge.

The shape of the heel is particularly clever. When you take a certain kind of step, you land first on your heel—at about a 14-degree angle. The rounded edge of the Puma heel helps you to roll forward onto the sole of your foot smoothly.

It is hinged like your foot.

Take this Puma shoe and bend the sole. You will see that the bend, or hinge, is exactly where your foot is hinged—under the ball. And the bend is a smooth arc.

Now try bending other tennis shoes. I discovered that one of them bends in the middle—where there is no hinge to your foot! And others bend so abruptly that their uppers appear to cut sharply across the top of your foot.

Now you know one reason why this Puma is so comfortable



So sticky that they squeak.

You would expect a sole this tough to feel slippery like those synthetic polyurethane soles on some shoes. You would be wrong. The traction of Puma is fantastic. You can actually hear the rubber squeak fiercely when you make a sudden stop.

Try this test in the store: Put one hand inside a Puma, the other hand inside a polyurethane shoe. Now push both shoes along the floor. You will feel how the Puma sole does not want to slip. It is gripping better.

Last year, the 'Hard Court' was made only for men. And only with a green sole and green Puma stripe.

This year, the radial sole also comes in a blue color. And you can have uppers in all-white. And there are two models made specially for women.

Are you good enough for Puma?

A Puma shoe is not cheap.

It costs money to use such soft leather in this tennis shoe. It costs money to put padding everywhere and line the whole insole with terry cloth. It costs still more money for this special radial sole.

But if you take pride in your game—if you have earned your stripe—a shoe like this can make a difference in how you play.



The radial-sole Puma 'Hard Court.'

PUMA

You've earned your stripe

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

When SI contributor Robert Cantwell told us about a horseplayer who said he used ESP to pick winners instead of the *Racing Form* or a haphin, we told him to accompany the psychic to a track and see how he did. The results can be found in *Win, Place and Glow* on page 32.

As word of Cantwell's yarn got around, certain members of the staff—men and women with an otherwise healthy grip on their mental faculties—began surfacing with all manner of stories about their experiences with the spirit world. For example, SI secretary Anne Comer Pettigrew insists that she knew actor Al Pacino in a previous life and believes that she is destined to meet him again in this one—"as soon as I get my karma together." Pacino, meanwhile, is appearing on Broadway in *The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel*, which our born-again secretary has seen seven times while waiting.

Reporter Daphne Hurford recalls growing up in a house in Harrison, N.Y. in which she frequently heard the disembodied voice of the previous owner, a middle-aged woman who committed suicide. Hurford now lives in Manhattan with her two cats, Nooks and Crannies, one of which she says she can summon from one room to another psychokinetically.

Copyreader Sylvia Staub had a brush with the spirit world while living in London in the '50s. She and a girl friend constructed a makeshift Ouija board, using a wineglass as a psychic indicator. They were startled when a spirit, who identified himself as Abtuck, a 60-year-old German gentleman, became infatuated with Staub's friend. "Sometimes the glass would skate over and rub my girl friend's arm and then spell out, 'You're beautiful,'" reports Staub. She does not say whether the wineglass was empty or full.

Senior Reporters Demmie Stathopolos and Denise Rogers are infrequent bettors at the track, going to the windows only when they feel they are getting their information straight from the horse's mouth. Stathopolos



was at Keeneland three years ago for the Blue Grass Stakes when she locked glances with a horse that was circling the paddock. "How often does a horse make eye contact with you?" she says. Whatever the answer, Demmie got her bet down, the horse went off at 14 to 1 and closed with a rush to win.

Rogers, who claims, "Horses talk to me," says she is negotiating for the rights to collaborate with Seattle Slew on an autobiography called *How I Won the Triple Crown, As Told to Denise Rogers*. She, too, had an eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation with a horse—a 12-to-1 shot, in this case—that sent her scurrying to the betting windows and home a winner. On another occasion Rogers was strolling through the barns at the harness track in Gothen, N.Y. when a horse stuck its head out of a stall and nudged her. "I figured he was trying to tell me something, so I bet him," says Rogers. "I was the only one in our group who cashed a ticket all day." Needless to say, the others never had a ghost of a chance.

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VIEWPOINT

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

A GAME WITH A COLORFUL PRESENT GOES BACK TO A PALLID YESTERYEAR

Tennis is a game that has accepted change with glacier-like speed—until recent years, that is, when it seems to have embraced every idea urged upon it, no matter how nutty. Metal rackets instead of wood? Wonderful. Team game instead of individual? Great. Play indoors instead of out? Terrific. Composition surface instead of grass at Forest Hills? Splendid. Tie breakers instead of traditional scoring? Marvelous.

And, most significantly, vibrantly colored clothing instead of stuffy, drab, dull, depressing, backward, old-fashioned white. This was the change that brought the traditionalists to the cliff of apoplexy. Now players all look terribly spiffy in rainbow-hued outfits. Color in tennis wearing apparel made abundant sense because it was in tune with the times. Until now—because suddenly it is going out of style. What will take the place of color? White, of course.

Just after millions of Americans finally became a part of the color revolution on the courts, Arnold M. Schoenfeld, president of New York-based Loomings, says you're all too late. "For women, white is a kind of chaste come-on," he contends. "It makes them look taller, leaner and sexier. The problem with color is we are seeing it on a lot of bodies on which it should not be. Men? They like to feel traditionally clad." Therefore, colored tennis clothes should be downgraded to the sale racks soon, says Schoenfeld.

But in a world of color, why white? Schoenfeld, who plays in a pair of 1957 white shorts with a rip in the pocket, says, "People who play tennis feel they are part of a sports aristocracy. White provides the dignity and classiness they feel the game deserves." There may be touches of blue on tennis dresses, a hint of yellow, but no more smack-in-your-face red. Quite simply, white outfits will get their style from pleats and tucks.

Though colorful clothing did not appear on the courts until the late '60s, the revolution in tennis apparel really started in 1949 with Gusie Moran's lace panties, an event Tracy Austin may never have heard about.

Schoenfeld, who began making tennis clothes back when people snickered at a game in which love meant nothing, estimates 75% of all tennis fashion sold in the fall of '77 will be white. Who will buy the remaining 25%? "The newcomers to the sport who get fished into it," says Schoenfeld. And, perhaps, women with bouffant hairdos.

But yellow tennis balls are still in. **END**

A one-woman book of records.

Babe Didrikson was the super-sportswoman of all time—as the statistics measuring her success prove. Based on countless interviews and a recently discovered cache of Babe's letters, here at last is the first full-scale portrait of the phenomenal "Texas Tornado"—and the exuberant era in which she lived.

"Candid and engaging...as interesting as the development of her career is the story of her evolution as a woman." —*Publishers Weekly*

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William Oscar Johnson
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BOOKTALK

by JULIE LAMB

A FINE CRUISE FROM A.B. (ABLE SEAMAN) TO ZULU (A SCOTTISH FISHING VESSEL)

Boating encyclopedias and dictionaries tend to sail along prescribed waterways; they tell you how to address the spark plugs on your outboard, list 10 important safety checks before setting out on that cruise, illustrate the parts of a sail from tack to clew and include handy instructions for reading a chart. They are useful, often indispensable, aids for the weekend sailor. But unfortunately, they are also dull, written in a clear but tedious prose, and thus hold almost no interest for the landlubber who does not revel in chipping paint off a hull bottom. Such books, in short, have no truck with the romance of the sea.

Not so *The Oxford Companion to Ships & the Sea*, a 971-page encyclopedia from the Oxford University Press (\$35) that will appeal to anyone who enjoys the novels of Joseph Conrad, loved Errol Flynn in *The Sea Hawk* or is just plain fascinated by nautical lore in general. Compiled by a distinguished group of contributors, primarily British, the Companion's purpose, in the words of editor Peter Kemp, is "to bring together in readily accessible form a range of maritime information which can otherwise be gleaned only with the help of an extensive library." It succeeds.

A random sample of the 3,700 subjects covered by the Companion gives some idea of the scope of the information offered: Atlantic Ocean, Buccaneers, John Paul Jones, Daniel Defoe, Figureheads, Battle of Guadalcanal, Horatio Hornblower, Hydrodynamics, Captain Kidd, Magellan, Mermaids, Ragging, Scurvy, Sea Songs, Sinbad the Sailor and the *Titanic*. Each entry is followed by an essay, often vibrantly written and occasionally displaying a subtle touch of British humor. Thus we learn that William Bligh, captain of the *Bounty*, had "career problems" after the famous mutiny because of "a continuing difficulty in getting along with other people."

Though it includes detailed articles on navigation, meteorology and shipbuilding, nautical history is the Companion's strongest suit. We learn that the Romans in 55 B.C. were the first to order their seamen to wear blue, that in 1187 a merman was caught off the Suffolk coast but unfortunately got away (see Mermaids), that King Midas might have invented the anchor, that Captain James Cook was the first to observe tattoos and that Samuel Pepys devised the 21-gun salute.

The major figures of naval history receive the longest biographies, but no one is slighted—not Cook, Columbus or Lord Horatio Nelson. Even Lady Hamilton, Nelson's long-

time mistress (is given half a page. The foibles and sometimes more unsavory personalities of the sea are not neglected, either. For instance, there is an entry on Anne Bonny, an 18th-century female pirate. The daughter of a respectable attorney, she fell in love with and secretly married the pirate Calico Jack on a trip to the West Indies. They were eventually captured, and Jack was sentenced to be hanged. The peevish Bonny, who was saved from the gallows because she was pregnant, said of her husband that she was "sorry to see him there, but if he had fought like a man he need not have been hanged like a dog."

Nautical language: those special words and phrases that sailors developed during their long months at sea to describe a specific event or object on a ship, peppers the Companion. A number of entries have a familiar sound: *filibuster*, *pigeon*, *scuttle butt*, *sis*, *of a gun*, *blood is thicker than water*, *no room to swing a cat*, *cut and run*, *devil to pay*, etc. Often a word's original meaning was lost by the time it reached shore. "No room to swing a cat" did not mean that there was insufficient space to torture the ship's tabby, but that it was too crowded to wield a cat-o'-nine-tails with full effect. A "son of a gun," the reader learns, was a male child born in the area between the guns on the gun deck of a navy ship, presumably the only place available for a sailor's wife to bear a child. Quotes the Companion: "Begonin in the galley and born under a gun. Every hair a rope yarn, every tooth a marlin spike, every finger a fishhook, and his blood right good Stockholm tar." In other words, a sailor.

Fault can be found with the Companion if one looks hard enough. American readers might feel slighted on finding that the battles of Midway and the Coral Sea are accorded only half a page, while those of Trafalgar and Jutland, in which Britain took part, get two full pages, and some of the word definitions are confusing. If by chance a landlubber needs to know the meaning of "reef-crinkle," he might be put off by an entry that begins "Thimbles spliced in the 'boil-rope on the leeches of a square-rig sail at the ends of the 'reef-band.' Because each asterisk indicates a separate entry for the word so marked, it takes some doing to untangle the mystery of the reef-crinkle.

But the Companion offers the yachtsman or nautical buff far too many hours of pleasurable browsing for such quibbling. In his introduction, Editor Kemp quotes an 18th-century admiral, who in a letter to his wife, assuring her that his life at sea was not such a hardship, wrote, "To be sure I love the fruits of the earth, but then I am pattering the flowers of the sea." The Companion is an enormous bouquet.

END



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SCORECARD

Edited by SARAH PILEGGI

DESIGNATED DILEMMA

It is conceivable that if the Boston Red Sox make it to the World Series, no one will get to see one of the players most responsible for getting them there. He is Jim Rice, the Red Sox designated hitter, who is batting .323 with 30 home runs and 79 RBIs.

Because, at the insistence of the National League, designated hitters are permitted in the Series only in alternate years, Red Sox Manager Don Zimmer has a problem on his hands—what to do with Rice, besides using him as a pinch hitter. If Zimmer put him in left field—and Rice is somewhat less accomplished as a fielder than as a hitter—Carl Yastrzemski would go to first base, and then what would happen to George (Boomer) Scott, the Red Sox No. 2 home-run hitter? Fred Lynn is in center, so that's out; and the Sox have 286 hitter Dwight Evans, if his troublesome knees hold up, and Rick Miller, also a superb fielder, available for right field.

Another alternative is benching Rice, but how can you bench the team's best hitter? In addition to the obvious disadvantages, it would not sit well in Boston, where according to *Herald American* columnist Tim Horgan, "... people refuse to go home, even at the stroke of midnight, during an 11-1 game until Jim takes his final turn at bat."

Other AL contenders would also suffer by losing their designated hitters, but none has a DH nearly as good as Rice, one capable of a 50-home-run season. In fact, Henry Aaron has said Rice is the only hitter who could pose a threat to his 755 career home runs.

TOUGH CUSTOMER

The following item appeared on the Reuters news wire last week, datelined London: "Kuwait has placed an order with a British firm to supply 25,000 soccer balls—but has stipulated that they must be delivered inflated."

"Mercury International of Longton, northeast England, said it would ship out

the balls deflated to save cargo space, but would send out a special team to blow up the balls after they have been unloaded."

HOMEBODY

It is a measure of the regard that San Franciscans, nay, Californians, have for Willie McCovey that there are not one but three McCovey festivals on the Giants' late-summer social calendar.

Aug. 13 at Candlestick Park was Mac Attack Day, a celebration that was the inspiration of broadcasters Lon Simmons and Joe Angel. Sept. 18 will be Willie McCovey Day. The Giants are aiming at an attendance figure of 44,000, 44 being McCovey's number.

Finally, Sept. 26, down south at Dodger Stadium, there will be a Big Mac Night in McCovey's honor, a singularly generous gesture considering that McCovey has hit 33 of his home runs against the Dodgers.

McCovey deserves it all. After two years in virtual retirement on benches in San Diego and Oakland, he is back home this season with the Giants. He has 21 home runs so far, giving him a career total of 486, and he is closing in on his 2,000th hit.

At 39, McCovey is not over the hill, he's king of it.

RABBIT STEW

Last year Ray Sovik was an assistant pro at the Brookside Country Club in Canton, Ohio. Now he is a rabbit on the PGA tour. While Ray struggles to make the cut, his father Elmer, a department store man, fidgets at home in Canton and telephones the *Canton Repository* sports desk to get the day's scores from the Associated Press sports wire.

On the evening of the first round of last month's Canadian Open, the *Repository* night staffer, who had gone off to check the wire for Elmer, came back to the phone with what he said was "some good news and some bad news."

"Give me the good news first," said Elmer.

"Ray tied with Ben Crenshaw today," said the night man.

"And the bad news?" said Elmer.

"They both shot 80."

A MIGHTY ROAR

Marauding bears are an occupational hazard to workers at oil-drilling sites in the Canadian north. When a bear killed an Imperial Oil Ltd. employee in 1975, the company sought out Dan Woodridge, a 29-year-old biologist at British Columbia's Simon Fraser University who had been doing research for some time into methods of protecting people against predators without killing the animals.

With a grant from Imperial, Woodridge made recordings of the sounds of brown, black and Kodiak bears fighting



over pieces of meat at the Olympic Game Farm in Sequim, Wash. Experimenting with bears in captivity, he found that by amplifying real and simulated bear sounds to the 120-decibel range, he could produce uneasiness followed very quickly by outright fright.

"The idea," says Woodridge, "is to make the bear think the world's largest bear is just over the hill."

In the first practical test of his sound system—a cassette player, a ring of speakers mounted on posts, a powerful amplifier and a network of trip wires—at a drilling site in the Northwest Territories, an approaching bear turned and bolted when he was 600 yards from the camp.

Now that Woodridge has taught Im-

continued

perial Oil to roar back at bears, he has turned to the protection of backpackers. He is at work right now on a mim-pack of spray repellents, for use on bears, coyotes and wolves, that can be attached to a hiker's belt. Volunteers will surely be welcomed for the testing phase.

DYNASTY

Jack Nicklaus II, a tall, skinny 15-year-old, was one of 119 golfers who played 36 holes on Monday, Aug. 15 at the Almaden Golf Club in San Jose, Calif., trying to qualify for the U.S. Amateur. His 79-85 was not good enough, but that he—or anybody else—finished at all was commendable. The field was too large, and there were organizational problems that caused the 36 holes to drag on for 11½ hours. Alongside Jackie every step of the way were Jack I, who had finished 72 holes at Pebble Beach only the day before, Barbara, who had, too, but outside the ropes; and Angelo Argen, the world's most famous caddy.

GOAL ORIENTED

Has it been a while since your mind enjoyed a good boggle? Then read about the system that the North American Soccer League established for breaking ties during its two-game, home-and-home series plays that ended this week.

A game that is tied at the end of 90 minutes of regulation play goes into a 15-minute overtime period. If the overtime is a tie, it is followed by a shootout—each team takes five shots, one-on-one, against the opposing goalkeeper. The team that scores the most goals this way gets one more point and wins the game.

A split series is decided the same way, except that the overtime to decide who goes on to the next round is 30 minutes long. If, too, it is followed by a shootout if one is necessary.

However, if the second game of a series is tied at the end of regulation play and the winner, chosen after a 15-minute overtime and a shootout, if one is needed, turns out to be the team that lost the first game, then the series is split and a 30-minute overtime begins on the spot.

If everything that can be tied is tied in a two-game series, the players must endure three hours of regulation play, one hour of overtime and three shootouts before the issue of who advances to the next round is decided.

The Europeans have a slightly more

sensible, though also less than foolproof system, which the NASL might do well to consider for next season. In the preliminary rounds of the European and World Cups, which are also based on two-game, home-and-home series, if a series is split, the goals are totaled for the two games and the team with more goals wins. If the total goals are the same, then the ones scored by the visiting team count double. Only if the result is then still a tie is half an hour of "extra time" played.

A drawback inherent in the European system is that the first game tends to become a tight, and sometimes dull, defensive affair, but at least it does not demand so much of the energies of the players. With nine regulation minutes remaining in the second New York Cosmos-Fort Lauderdale Strikers game of the first round of the NASL playoffs, and with the Cosmos down 2-1, Cosmos Coach Eddie Firmani benched Pelé, Franz Beckenbauer and Tony Field to save them for the overtime. If they had stayed in, maybe there would have been no need for overtime. Who knows?

RACKETEERING

The stereotypical convention-going businessman with a bourbon in one hand may soon have a tennis racket in the other, thanks to Tennis Dimensions, Inc., a company that produces sports "spectaculars" tailored to the needs of the 600,000 corporate conventions held annually in the U.S.

For companies such as DuPont, Dow Chemical and General Electric, Tennis Dimensions provides an afternoon of tennis, golf or swimming, whatever the corporate heart desires, during which the conventioners are videotaped in action, plus a cocktail party at which the tapes are analyzed by teaching professionals and awards are handed out.

If a company doesn't mind holding its convention at Innisbrook, a resort near Tarpon Springs, Fla. that is the headquarters of Tennis Dimensions, it can have a spectacular for \$650. Anywhere else it costs \$3,000 plus the pros' expenses.

CREATURE FEATURE

The good news from Maine is that there are more bald eagles in the nests and more salmon in the rivers than have been seen in the state for years.

Gene Letourneau, an outdoors columnist who keeps up with the government

agencies that keep up with the state's wildlife, reports that 31 young eagles have been counted in Maine nests this year, the most since the Audubon Society and the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service began their eagle study in 1962, and also that chemical contamination in unhatched eggs has dropped. (Eggs and fledglings are not all that is found in eagle nests. One contained a steel trap which had once held a muskrat.)

The 175 Atlantic salmon taken this year from the Penobscot River are by far the biggest catch there since 1936 and the third largest on record. In addition, 30 Atlantics were spotted recently in the Saco River, above 30-foot-high Cataract Dam. That the salmon fishery has grown so dramatically is happy evidence that even greater improvement can be expected as the quality of Maine's rivers improves and its stocking program bears fruit—er, fish.

ALL ABOUT

In 1976 there were an estimated 20 million skateboards careening around the U.S. whereas the year before there had been only 14 million, an increase of about 43%. In the same period, the estimated number of skateboard injuries increased from 72,000 to 188,000, or 161%.

These figures come from the Federal Consumer Product Safety Commission. Startled by its own data, the commission has decided to try to determine whether American kids really were almost twice as clumsy in 1976 as they had been in 1975. "If it's people simply losing their balance, there's nothing we can do about it," says David Pittle, a commission member. "If it's wheels coming off, say, that's something else."

Most of the injuries were to younger children, the 10-to-14 age group accounting for 54% of them. And 78% of the injuries were to males, which must mean that girls are smarter, in that fewer of them skateboard, or better coordinated, or chicken.

THEY SAID IT

• Hubert Green, on being the U.S. Open golf champion: "All of a sudden I'm an expert on everything. Interviewers want your opinion on golf, foreign policy and the price of peanuts."

• Don Sutton, L.A. Dodger pitcher, on interleague play: "I hope it comes a) after I have retired or b) after Rod Carew has retired."

END

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Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 28, 1977

OFF ON A RAMPAGE



Led by the mighty Bull and a herd of stampeding teammates, Philadelphia has roared to the majors' best record

by Larry Keith

Greg Luzinski badly wanted to take batting practice, but the sky was a threatening gray, and a bright yellow tarpaulin covered the green AstroTurf infield of Montreal's Olympic Stadium. The Philadelphia leftfielder would have to wait until the game began to get in his licks, unless, as someone suggested, he wanted to swing against the pitching machine in the batting cage beneath the stands. The cage may have been a suitable alternative for some, but not for Luzinski. The Bull gets his pleasure from menacing men, not machines, from launching balls over fences, not into nets. "I am not a cagey hitter," he said with a shrug of his massive shoulders.

Facing a live pitcher later that night, Luzinski stroked a single, drove in one run and scored another as the Phillies extended their winning streak to 13 games, a club record, strengthened their hold on first place in the National League East and improved the best record in baseball to 71-44. At the end of the week Luzinski was still bruising—he is sixth in the league in hitting, second in RBIs and third in home runs—and his team was still cruising. After taking two of three in Montreal, Philadelphia returned home to Veterans Stadium and swept three games against Houston.

With a 6½-game lead over Pittsburgh, the Phillies are the only one of the four defending division champions solidly on top in 1977. But it took an unexpectedly long time for them to get there. They lost six of their first seven games for their worst start in nine years, did not pass .500 until May 21 and did not move into

continued



Rarely caught first-footed at the plate these days, Mike Schmidt (left) is heading for his highest average. Feisty Ted Steward appeared burned out in L.A. Now he is sizzling hot for the Phillies

ODD COUPLE, BUT WINNING COMBINATION



Carlton (left) is close; McCarver's enabler

They are baseball's Odd Couple, the grizzled, garrulous catcher and the lanky, aloof pitcher, but together Tim McCarver and Steve Carlton have been prime movers in Philadelphia's surge to the top of the National League East.

The arrangement began on an experimental basis in July 1975 after McCarver had been released by Boston. The well-traveled catcher called the Phillies about a broadcasting job; instead, he was signed as a player. Since then, Carlton's record has been 42-15 with McCarver and 4-6 without him. This season Carlton is 18-7 while working exclusively with his personal catcher, and McCarver is batting a team-high .339. Show business obviously will have to wait.

Carlton's preference for McCarver has put regular Catcher Bob Boone in the bonodds every fifth game. "I may not like it," Boone says, "but I can see it's helping the team, and that's what counts. When I caught Steve, I always felt that he was fighting me, that he

didn't trust my calls. Because of his negative thoughts, he would throw poorly."

McCarver's success with Carlton goes back to their days on the Cardinals, when the pitcher was just breaking in and the catcher was an established star and World Series hero. "The first time I ever caught him was in spring training of 1965," McCarver recalls. "He was hit pretty hard, and after the game he came up to me and said I hadn't called enough breaking balls. Coming from a rookie, that ticked me off, and I got really mad. I backed him up against a wall and started screaming at him. We laugh about it now."

Five years together in St. Louis, a half season in Philadelphia in 1972 and autumn elk-hunting trips to Montana have solidified their friendship. When McCarver rejoined the Phillies two years ago, Manager Danny Ozark talked to him for three hours to get a better understanding of his star pitcher. Like most people, Ozark has never been able to get close to Carlton, and he knew the towering left-hander was unhappy pitching to Boone. So, borrowing a trick from former Dodger Manager Walter Alton, who sometimes teamed Sandy Koufax with substitute receiver Jeff Torborg, Ozark reunited Carlton and McCarver.

"Steve is a very complex person," says McCarver. "I don't claim to have him figured out completely, but I do get along with him. That has a relaxing effect on him. Maybe we're close because he enjoys my candor. I've always been extremely honest with him. I also understand that he hates to be mentored. The more he hears, the more he rebels."

Because the pairing has been so successful, McCarver's teammates call him Carlton's baby-sitter. During spring training, Carlton saw Boone doing sit-ups and said, "I don't care how many of those you do, Booney, you're still not catching me." When McCarver saw Carlton talking to the team's third catcher, Barry Foote, one day recently, he yelled across the locker room, "Damn it, I don't want you even looking at another catcher. I'll take your house and your Mercedes and leave you with nothing but a case of beer and a room at the Holiday Inn."

There is no way that McCarver, 35, is about to file for divorce. The role of designated catcher has extended his career—which otherwise might have ended by now because of his weakened throwing arm—and assured his place in the hereafter. "When Steve and I die," McCarver said early in the season, "we'll be buried in the same cemetery, 60/6" apart."

first place until Aug. 5. "There were a lot of reasons for our slow start," says Manager Danny Ozark. "The main one could have been that the players expected the season to be a cheesecake." Through the malaproposic haze, Ozark's point was perfectly clear.

The cheesecake walk finally did begin on June 26 when Philadelphia commenced to win 11 of 12 games, climbing from fourth place to second and reducing Chicago's unlikely 8½-game lead to a more believable three-game gap. The August surge has more than taken care of the rest of that margin, and a recent four-game sweep of the Cubs in Wrigley Field may have taken care of Chicago.

The most dramatic improvement in the last two months has been among the pitchers. Young Larry Christenson beat Houston 9-5 last week for his eighth straight victory, and old Jim Lonborg, who started the season on the disabled list, defeated Montreal 8-3 for his sixth win in his last seven decisions. Steve Carlton, pitching only to his designated catcher, Tim McCarver (see box), has been effective all along, especially at home, where he is 14-1. Carlton has also picked off 16 runners and is batting .270. After a shaky start the bullpen of Gene (House of David) Garber, Tug McGraw and Ron Reed has 32 saves and 20 victories. And McGraw still has as much screwball in him off the field as on. During the plane ride home from Montreal two nights after Elvis Presley died, he combed his hair in a ducktail, unbuttoned his shirt and sang a memorial medley of Presley songs. No one swooned.

Lonborg, too sophisticated for that sort of thing, was concerning himself with the rebirth of the Phillies. "We knew in spring training there was something special about this team," he said. "It took us longer than we expected, but the secret of our success is that we stayed together during a very tough period."

Actually, this may be an extra-special team, stronger and deeper than the one last year that set a club record of 101 victories. That it is more popular, too, is indicated by the average attendance of 33,778 at Veterans Stadium, an increase of 1,970 over last season's record pace. However, the players are not the only attraction. More than 46,000 showed up for a game against Houston last week, but it was Haker Top Night, one of the club's innumerable promotions.

"Phillie is a fun place to play," says

Richie Hebner, the former Pittsburgh third baseman who came to Philadelphia as a free agent, found Mike Schmidt in residence at third and became a first baseman. "I'm loving it here. The crowds are much better than in Pittsburgh, because the people are hungry for a winner. They go crazy."

Hebner is one of a cluster of newcomers contributing mightily to the Phil's success. After hitting .246 and .249 during his last two Pirate seasons, he has shot up to .288, and in an 8-3 win over the Expos last week he slugged the first grand-slam homer of his career.

Another new infielder is Ted Sizemore, who moved in at second when the valuable Dave Cash signed as a free agent with the Expos. A scrappy player who was the National League's 1969 Rookie of the Year, Sizemore had fallen on hard times at the plate during the last three seasons with St. Louis and Los Angeles. In 1976 he appeared in only 84 games for the Dodgers and hit .241. Now his average is .279. "He has played beyond everybody's expectations," says Garber.

The other important imports are Blake McBride and Dave Johnson. After being traded to the Phillies from St. Louis on June 15, McBride took over the lead-off spot, which nobody else seemed to want, and switched from center field to right. Swinging a 31-inch bat, the shortest in the majors, McBride has hit .333 and surprised even himself with six home runs. When regular Centerfielder Garry Maddox crashed into a wall and onto the disabled list earlier this month, McBride celebrated his return to his old position by stroking a three-run, 11th-inning homer in Chicago.

Johnson spent the last two seasons in Japan, and when he comes up to pinch-hit you can almost hear him shouting "Banzai!" In the pinch, he has a .325 average, and he was the batting star of two victories during the long winning streak. His ninth-inning, two-run homer against the Cubs on Aug. 13 set up McBride's shot in the 11th, and a two-run triple three days later against Montreal brought the team from behind in a 7-5 victory.

Despite the hefty hitting of the newcomers, Luzinski and Schmidt remain the chief demolitionists on the league's top offensive team. Schmidt has 30 home runs, 73 RBIs and a .287 batting average, which will be the highest of his career if it stays there. His 14 homers in June tied the league record for the month,

and he had one incredible stretch from June 29 to July 8 when he reached base 25 times in 30 trips to the plate. These figures are very impressive compared to just about anyone's but Luzinski's. The Bull has 31 homers, 102 runs driven in and a .318 average. Only Cincinnati's George Foster seems likely to challenge him for the league's Most Valuable Player award.

By baseball standards Luzinski is an imposing creature. He stands 6'1" and weighs 225 tightly packed pounds. His legs are massive pillars, his arms like limbs on a mature oak, and you could hang a Rembrandt on his back. These physical attributes may be common among defensive tackles and Sumo wrestlers, but it is rare that a man of such bulk succeeds in a sport that favors the sleek and nimble. Before facing Luzinski for the first time this year, former teammate Tom Underwood of St. Louis said with not a little anxiety, "He's so big, and now he's on the other team." Underwood pitched to the Bull twice during that game. Both times his pitches landed in the upper deck. *Over*

Luzinski is a thoughtful, serious player and, fortunately for the tranquility of the game, he is also a man of even temperament who tends to downplay both his successes and failures. Sizemore says, "Even when Greg looks bad striking out, he'll come back to the dugout saying, 'I only missed it a little.' But at the same time he has to really crush a ball before he feels that he hit it as well as he could."

Luzinski is well paid for his contributions to the Phillies, although he does not make as much as Schmidt, a superlative third baseman and three-time home-run champion whose six-year contract, worth roughly \$3.5 million, probably makes him the highest-paid player in baseball. All the Phillie regulars, in fact, have long-term deals, but Luzinski is the only one who is giving part of his earnings back to the team. This spring he laid out \$20,243 for season tickets to a 126-seat section in the fifth level of the left-field stands that has become known as the Bull Ring. The seats are donated to a different group for each game—the YMCA of Columbia, Pa., Catholic Social Services of Chester, Pa. and the Fish-town Recreational Association are among those who have occupied them—and, as a filip, Luzinski contributes \$100 to the favorite charity of a player who reaches those seats with a home run. Because the Bull Ring is 420 feet from home

plate, Luzinski is not about to go broke. Of the 137 homers that have been hit at Veterans Stadium this season, only one landed in that area. Luzinski hit it himself. He gave the \$100 to the Big Brothers Association of Bucks County.

Charity cases are not the only ones making money off the Phillies this year. The Philadelphia Daily News has awarded \$31,000 to readers in a home-run pay-off contest, \$16,000 on blasts by Hebner. The Phillies will probably cost the paper a lot more before they are through for '77. They have already hit 145 homers, only eight short of the 48-year-old club record.

Luzinski could probably hit that many by himself, and he wouldn't even need his bat to do it. He could just roll up his sleeves and smack the ball into the Bull Ring with one of his forearms. Another victory for Philly, and another \$100 to your favorite charity.

END



Hebner is new at first base, and renewed at bat



TOMATO PATCH GEORGE AT THE SPA

Saratoga is a place for blue bloods—owners and horses—but a bumpkin raised on a truck farm took the illustrious Travers in a bruising battle, and his owners have issued a \$200,000 challenge to vacationing Seattle Slew **by William Leggett**

What is it that makes Saratoga a place of legends? There must be something in the clear air or in the sap that drips from the giant elms to make greatness almost commonplace. The most famous race at the upstate New York track is the Travers, which is the oldest stake in the country and an event often called the Midsummer Derby. Last Saturday, a record crowd of 35,530 went out to see the 108th running and they witnessed another race to remember, although the two best 3-year-olds in the land, Seattle Slew and J. O. Tobin, were not in the field.

Students of Saratoga form know two things. Horses that ship in from other sections of the country seldom win the Travers and the victor usually has a blue-blooded owner and pedigree. But that was not the case this time, when the entries from the Midwest—Jatski, Run Dusty Run and Silver Series—finished one-two-three. Run Dusty Run went un-

der the wire a nose in front of Jatski but a few minutes later the colt was disqualified for repeated interference through the stretch and Jatski's number moved up from place to win on the tote board. Rarely does a race of 1¼ miles come down to a nose decision and seldom is a horse disqualified in such an important stake.

For nearly a month the Travers was building to be a major spectacle. Silver Series and Jatski, who had missed the Triple Crown races, were winning major events in Illinois, Ohio and Nebraska. Silver Series had strung together wins in the Hawthorne, Ohio and American Derbies, while Jatski had run off with the Omaha Gold Cup and President's Cup at Ak-Sar-Ben, plus the Governor's Cup at Arlington Park. Affiliate, after finishing behind J. O. Tobin but ahead of Seattle Slew in the Swaps Stakes at Hollywood Park, had won the \$100,000

Monmouth Invitational to move near the head of his class. Run Dusty Run, who had been second to Seattle Slew in both the Kentucky Derby and the Belmont, and third in the Preakness, was looking for his first win since early March and the Travers seemed to be a perfect spot, a race that would give him not only a sizable purse but some needed prestige as well.

Late in May the words of Trainer Bill Cole had seemed foolish. "I believe that Jatski is the second-best 3-year-old in the country," he said then. "I'm not going to say that Jatski is as good as Seattle Slew, but he has tremendous ability and before this season is over people will see it. He's big and he can run. He had only one race as a 2-year-old and he won. Now he's starting to come into his own. He's a Cinderella horse."

Jatski is all of that. He is owned by William and Myrtle Murray of Clearwater,

The leader, Run Dusty Run, hangs tough, bearing out as Jatski bears down in the finishing drive.

Fla. The Murrays paid \$8,000 for him as an unraced 2-year-old while he was standing in a tomato patch near Bradenton, Fla. "I'm 75 now," Bill Murray says, "and I didn't get interested in horses until five years ago. Too many people who get to be the age of Myrtle and myself don't take on new interests. But we decided to and we've loved it. We've had about a dozen horses in all, and next to Jatski I'd say my favorite is Dump Truck, who runs at River Downs. I'm retired from the citrus business and I've first got fascinated by horses while driving to our groves in the morning. We'd go by Florida Downs and stop to watch the horses working out. I know that people say Jatski isn't very well bred. He's by Jatullah from Ski and his name comes from that."

Jatullah? He ran in 45 races in four years and won three of them to earn \$9,310. Yet the sire of Jatullah is Jaipur, who 15 years ago ran in the Travers, and like this year, it was a stirring battle. People still talk of how Jaipur and Ridan hooked up and ran nostril to nostril for 10 punishing furlongs. When the flash photo was developed, it showed Jaipur's nose barely in front. Saratogians feel no race could ever be better. How remarkable then that Jaipur's grandson should take what is certain to be remembered as the second or third most interesting Travers (it could be argued that Jim Dandy's 1930 upset, at 100 to 1, of Triple Crown winner Gallant Fox was more notable), as well as the most desperate race of this 3-year-old season.

Silver Series seemed to beat the gate at the start, emerging a good length in front of the field. He carried his lead to the top of the stretch where Run Dusty Run moved alongside, and Jatski quickly was lapped on Run Dusty. Silver Series was racing against the rail. Run Dusty Run further out and Jatski perhaps five horse widths from the inside. Silver Series fought for as long as he could, but then Run Dusty and Jatski went by. Jockey Darrel McHargue was whipping Run Dusty left-handed while Sam Maple was working Jatski with his right hand. Run Dusty, who was drift-

ing, hit Jatski, straightened out for a few strides and then bumped Jatski again. The bumping and drifting had taken the two out to the center of the racetrack. Now Jatski came in to bump Run Dusty. Then Run Dusty hit Jatski again.

The two looked like marathon dancers leaning on each other for survival. At the finish Run Dusty came out once more and it was obvious that the stewards would put up the inquiry sign and that Maple would lodge a claim of foul against McHargue. Thousands of fans immediately gathered around television sets to see the replay and the reason for the judges' decision.

Bud Hyland, the steward representing The Jockey Club, said later, "In some cases the vote of the judges might be 2-1, but all three of us saw this race the same. It was our conclusion that Run Dusty Run drifted out under McHargue and severely penalized Jatski." Others at Saratoga felt that, while contact was made, both horses were guilty and that at no time during the stretch run did McHargue's actions cause Maple to stop riding hard. When Run Dusty's number came down, and he was placed second, his trainer, Smiley Adams, stood on the track looking up into the stewards' stand, shouting imprecations. It must be hell on earth to train Run Dusty Run. The poor horse seems doomed to tough luck. In 11 starts this season he has only finished as far back as fourth once, but he still has only two wins to his credit, neither one in a stakes.

Cole, Jatski's trainer, stood by the winner's circle after the decision had been reached and said, "I've never won a race on a disqualification. But I've probably lost six or seven of them. I've said that Jatski was second best to Seattle Slew. Now I'd like to see them hook up. On behalf of the owners, I'm offering to put up \$100,000 if the Slew people will put up \$100,000. But the match race must be in the Midwest, not in New York. Having these horses finish one-two-three is a great thing for Midwestern racing. People in the East and West always knock our racing. Well, one-two-three should show them something."

Ten minutes after the race Steward Gerard Burke entered the jockeys' room

and called Maple and McHargue to a screening room where the race was shown again and McHargue was told why his number was taken down. "Run Dusty Run is not easy to ride," Darrel said later. "Today he ran his heart out and ran a winning race. He needed to win one after the kind of tough-luck year he's had. I feel awful about this, particularly for Smiley Adams. Run Dusty is so game, and now to have this happen on top of everything else. When I saw the films I looked like an inexperienced rider, but the race was a tough one."

"I've seen quite a bit of Run Dusty Run," Maple said. "He's a hard-hitting horse but has his problems. When you're riding against him you notice that sometimes he's trying to get in. Today he tried to get out and he leaned all over me. To be honest, Jatski has run better races than this one. I thought all along that he was a good horse, but I really couldn't figure out how good because he hadn't faced 3-year-olds like these until today. He didn't go by Run Dusty the way I thought he would."

Jatski's Travers was the 20th race of the year for the huge colt, who stands 17.1 hands and weighs 1,150 pounds—dimensions similar to Forego's. Two days before the Travers, Cole watched Jatski being walked on the backstretch and said, "After this race he's going to be rested for at least a month. He's lost some weight and we need to take back on him. At the barn we call him George—the first exercise rider he had was named George—and he's become a very popular horse in the Midwest. I think he can handle the best that there is in the East. He's as honest as they come. We have no ideas right now for a big fall campaign."

In normal years the 3-year-old season concludes about now as the youngsters start stepping up into the handicaps or weight-for-age races. But that may not be the case this year. Seattle Slew, J. O. Tobin, Jatski and Run Dusty Run are drawing cards, and some sharp promoter is going to come up with a race exclusively for 3-year-olds for a gigantic purse. It could be in California, New York, New Jersey or Illinois. The track staging it seems assured of a memorable afternoon's racing.

END



TRYING THE PATIENT OF THE SAINTS

Apparently recovered from the shoulder surgery that sidelined him last year, Archie Manning goes with Hank Stram's system like 'syrup on pancakes'

by Robert F. Jones

It was scarcely an Austerlitz, or even a Wagram, yet there were hints of a neo-Napoleonic era in the offing when Hank Stram's insurgent New Orleans Saints pieced together two field goals and two touchdowns to outlast the Buffalo Bills 20-17 last Saturday. The little Corsican had to start somewhere, after all, and this was the first time in the Saints' 10-year history that they had won the first three games of any season—pre or regular. There haven't been any posts for New Orleans.

Intimations of dynasty aside, the game did show that Archie Manning is hale again. Playing the first half, the red-headed quarterback completed 10 of 18 passes for 148 yards, including an 11-yard touchdown flip to Tight End Henry Childs in the second quarter. His play-calling was sharp, he picked up secondary receivers and the one time he ran, he picked up 10 yards. Though Manning may not yet be the Marshal Ney Stram requires, he is an accomplished field general.

And an extra bonus came the way of the Saints with the return of Joe Gilliam, late of the Steelers and a Virginia rehabilitation center, to his exciting form of yesteryear. Gilliam, who played most of the second half, completed only four of 12 passes, but two of them were 50-yard bombs. No scores resulted from his fireworks, but the crowd of 66,282 let Joe know how happy they were to see him out there.

New Orleans is a locale ideally suited to the Stram temperament. With its Napoleonic resonances and its aura of history and mystery—reflected everywhere from the teeming boltes of Bourbon Street to the imperial enormity of the nearby Superdome—the city complements the man. And vice versa. "This could be the best franchise in professional football," Stram said the morning of the game. "Once we get it going."

Clothed in a black velvet shirt, a white sport coat and trousers, shod in elegant cream loafers ticked with gold, Stram relaxed in his ninth-floor suite at Le Pavillon, sipping a Coke. His face was tanned to the color of mahogany wainscoting, not a hair—real or otherwise—on his 53-year-old head was tinged with gray, nor

was a hint of scalp evident through the careful tucking. Surrounded as he was by marble busts in the classic mode and excellent Rembrandt, Holbein and Dürer reproductions, Stram's mien was distinctly Napoleonic. "When I coached at Notre Dame as an assistant 20 years ago," he said, "I thought I'd never see the equal of the football intensity there. But this whole Gulf Coast, clear around from Florida through Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and down to Texas, is a whole region at the same high pitch."

A new world to conquer for the chesty little man who was the best coach in the old American Football League and whose lifetime record of 128-86-10 is near the top among active NFL coaches. The Kansas City Chiefs were the first in the NFL to use multiple offensive formations and stacked, highly mobile defenses, and Stram is still tinkering with these stratagems. "About the only thing I've added to the system since the '69 and '70 Chiefs," he said, "is more action with the tight I—more motion to take account of the greater sophistication of the defenses throughout the league. We hop around a lot."

The purpose is to keep defenses off balance until the snap of the ball, and Stram has an abundance of smart quarterbacks to implement his system. "This is by far the best quarterback package I've ever had in professional football," he said.

The very best right now is Manning, the six-year vet from Mississippi who sat out last season following surgery on his right shoulder. That was Stram's first year with the Saints, yet Manning learned the complicated offense just by watching. "Archie works the system like syrup on pancakes," said Stram. "He's a lot like Lenny Dawson up at Kansas City—cool and smart, excited by complex formulas—but he's bigger and stronger than Lenny, blessed with a better physique. Heck, he's 6' 3" and 200 pounds, but he runs the 40 in 4.6 seconds. He moves very well, by design. Picks up secondary receivers as well as anyone I've worked with. On a play-action pass to the left last week against the Giants, with short yardage, the back slipped, but Archie picked up right away. He improvised and took it in for a score.

We won that one, by the way, 23-7."

Behind Manning are three veterans—Bobby Scott, a reliable backup to Manning for four years, who set up what proved to be Saturday's winning touchdown with a 40-yard completion late in the fourth quarter; Bobby Douglass, the ex-Chicago Bear with a powerful, if inaccurate, left arm and a bad left knee; and Gilliam, who performed so well at Pittsburgh when Terry Bradshaw was ailing three years ago. Gilliam sat out last season following his conviction on marijuana and weapons possession charges. Stram is giving him a final chance.

"Joe knows it's the last hurrah," Stram said. "Every play is first and 10 from here out. He worked some on his own during the season he was out, and he's put on some good muscle—up from a playing weight of 175 to a tough 186 today. His attitude's good, and we know he's got the smarts."

When Gilliam came to camp last month, he stood up before the whole team and told them. "I've battled with drugs. I just hope you'll give me a chance." Stram and the Saints seem willing to do so, and maybe Jefferson Street Joe will become Bourbon Street Joe. That would certainly be better than Junk Heap Joe. And he knows it.

In other departments the Saints seem equally blessed, with two big, surefooted (and sure-handed) running backs in Chuck Muncie and Tony Galbreath, who scored the game-winner Saturday from one yard out; a plethora of wide receivers, including former Olympic sprinter Larry Burton, who caught the fourth-quarter bomb from Scott; sound, maturing linebackers; and a newfound cohesion that—as of Saturday's game—requires some refining. The regular-season schedule, with the exception of two games against the Rams and one each with St. Louis and Chicago, looks a lot easier than last year's. Remembering that debacle, Stram still cannot bring himself to say it out loud: "Four and 10."

Granted, O. J. Simpson only played a quarter for the visiting Bills on Saturday. The Juice came into camp this year with blurred vision in his left eye, the result of a hard hit by the New York Jets last season. You can't squirt like the Juice

if you can't see the glass. Doctors in Buffalo suggested at first that Simpson might need surgery, and his usual ebullience subsided into snappiness. He chewed out management and teammates with unwonted rage. "It was a tough week for me," he recalls, "and I can't remember being that uptight before. I'd wake up in the morning and look at the alarm clock on the dresser in camp... and I couldn't make out the numbers."

"Man," says his best friend, Reggie McKenzie, the pulling guard, "the cat was a basket case. He was thinking the worst. He'd wake up in the dark and think, 'Is this what it's going to be like?'"

But after Bills owner Ralph Wilson flew O.J. to the Wilmer Eye Institute at Johns Hopkins, specialists there gave Simpson the go-ahead to play. His problem was a tiny hole—self-healing—behind the retina. Fluid leaking in was causing the blur. By Saturday O.J. could see fine straight ahead, with minor blurring to the left side. What's more, he was psychologically sound, once more his leaping, raucous self. "The thing I was really concerned about," he said, "was that I'd have to wear glasses. I look terrible that way."

Behind the crisp blocking of a healed Jim Braxton, the fullback who had gone down in last year's first game with a knee injury, and under the sharp direction of Quarterback Joe Ferguson, back from four fractured transverse processes, the Juice gained 32 yards in five carries. Ferguson gave Buffalo its first score in the second quarter with a six-yard pitch to Wide Receiver Bob Chandler; in the last period, after a field goal, backup Quarterback Ken Johnson brought the Bills to 20-17 by hitting reserve Running Back Curtis Brown on a 53-yard scoring play.

It was New Orleans' night—loud, wet and steamy with victory (for a change). "Hank's multiple offense is really a lot of fun," said Manning. "The fans don't know it, but what you're actually doing is confusing the team you're going to play next week. The sets and shifts confuse the intention. A lot of it doesn't mean a thing, and you end up in the same old vanilla formation after going through 30 other flavors. But what the hell—vive la French ice cream!"

END

WHOOPS AND SADDLES IN HELENA

They came from 29 states and Canada to rope and ride it out in a rodeo to pick the country's best high school cowboys
by Douglas S. Looney

The National High School Rodeo is more than just a collection of kids in chaps and cowboy hats. It is, in fact, the world's largest rodeo—1,131 competitors from 29 states and two Canadian provinces this year—and it was kicking up dust every day last week in the magnificent Helena Valley, where a sign says WELCOME TO MONTANA. LAST OF THE BIG TIME SPLENDORS. By the time everybody got assembled and saddled up, a small cow town of 837 motor homes and assorted camping contraptions filled the Lewis & Clark County Fairgrounds.

As with all rodeos, no matter how big, a considerable amount of pageantry precedes the rib cracking, and it seemed that every teen-ager who could ride was galloping his or her horse around the arena, American flag snapping in the breeze. It was perfectly fitting, allowed Claude Mullins, the man who started the event in Texas back in 1949 "After all," he said, "this country was settled and won from the back of a horse."

And next, as if to prove that cowboys never come up short where sentiment is involved, the rodeo prayer was invoked: "Help us, Lord, to live our life in such a manner that when we make the last inevitable ride to the country up there where the grass grows lush green and stirrup high and the water runs cool, clear and deep, that You as our last judge will tell us that our entry fees are paid." Not that the kids were praying for a draw that would spare them a chute-fighting horse, as one of them put it, but should that happen, well, glory be.

When the country's best young cowboys and cowgirls take over a place for their championship, chaos erupts. By comparison, Cheyenne Frontier Days, the big one for grownups, is a family picnic. High school rodeo is emerging as big stuff these days, even though in many states it gets only grudging acknowledgment from school athletic departments, which generally means little or no money.

But make no mistake, this is a real event—a fact that could not be obscured, even with the boys spending some of their spare time roping the girl competitors in hotel and motel lobbies and out around those 837 campers.

Come time for competition and seriousness settled in, especially for the Sunday finals. When the last chute had burst open, three of the 13 events had been won by Texans—Monk Dushman in the bareback broncs, Jerry Daniels in saddle broncs and Kirk Dillard in the calf-roping—and Texas had won its second straight high school title. The all-round cowboy title went to 18-year-old Sterling Wines of Ruby Valley, Nev., who really wasn't entirely all-round—he ex-





PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL IWASAKI

Heading out and hanging on tight, Mark Olsen rides for the glory of Spanish Fork (Utah) High



celled only in the saddle broncs—but intricate supporting rules and a whirling computer said that he was the one. All-round cowgirl was Lori Primrose, 17, of Tucumcari, N.M., who modestly admitted, "I didn't think I could do it at all." And the rodeo queen was Janice Nelson of Jerome, Idaho, who concluded that she was just thrilled.

All through the week there were plenty of guys hanging around playing macho by spitting juice from their Copenhagen chaws into the dust. And there were plenty more talking of how they will go down the road soon with the professional rodeo cowboys and win a bunch of money. But that was a typical stance among the young men. Just as representative among the girls was Barrie Beach, 17, of Gilbert, Ariz., who had won the goat-tying competition for the last three years and was in Helena going for an unprecedented fourth straight.

Drugstore cowboys who become convulsed over an exploit called goat tying

Goats are both dumb and smelly to Barrie Beach, and the last one on Sunday was a real stinker

should know that when Barrie is performing at her peak, which is often, she is described as "a blur who really whips it on them." The event was established in 1972 as an alternative to the boys' steer wrestling. Contestants must ride a horse about 50 yards, jump off, race to a goat staked in the middle of the arena, seize and throw it and tie three of its legs together. Times vary with arena conditions, but 10 seconds is considered very quick, and Barrie has been known to accomplish this task in eight seconds.

Small wonder. Back home, she gets up at 4 a.m. each day before school and goes to a practice arena set up on the family spread. There she throws goats to the ground and ties them until she gets 20 clockings in a time that meets her exacting standards. Then she'll practice tying, at least 100 times. Then she'll practice for the breakaway roping event, at which she also excels. After four hours, she quits for breakfast. In the evening she returns to practice team roping, at which she also excels. "She's too hard-driving," says her mother, Pat. "I tell her she doesn't enjoy things."

Before coming to Helena, Barrie had won 21 saddles and 150 belt buckles as amateur trophies. Many of them were in goat tying, an endeavor that has the added benefit of handsomely qualifying her as a Christmas fill-in at J. C. Penney's gift-wrap counter. Her trophy saddles runneth over so much that Barrie has sold five of them for between \$200 and \$500 each, but she laments, "I hate to do that because I always think I might not win another."

A candid athlete with a face as open as the West, Barrie is asked what the fun is in goat tying.

"I don't think there is any."

But it's exciting?

"Not particularly."

You just like goats?

"I can't stand them. They aren't too smart and they smell awful."

continued



Idahoan Calvin Amy says, "It hurts when you get thrown," but is already dabbling in the pro ranks

Is there any such thing as a good goat?
"Sure. One that stands there and never kicks."

Why do you do it?

"I'm a competitor."

That serves to describe high school rodeo athletes. Barrie Beach has always been an overachiever. She was third in her graduating high school class of almost 200 this year and worked inexhaustibly to get there. Professional cowboy Shawn Davis, three times world saddle bronc champ, who helped out at Helena, said that the kind of youngster who takes to rodeo is "the adventurous type with a lot of spirit."

Calvin Amy, 18, from Howe, Idaho, hardly could be accused of lacking spirit. So far this year he has won his state's bareback and saddle bronc competition—and the 138-pound state wrestling championship as well. "A national title would be nice," said his father, Jake, "but don't get the idea he's perfect. Calvin knows what the ground feels like."

Amy is viewed by many experts as the kind of rider who should make it big in

the pros, partly because he has the requisite philosophy. "It hurts when you get thrown," he says, "but it's so much fun getting back on for more." Although he already has won about \$4,000 from rodeoing, including \$658 for the first prize in saddle bronc riding in Rupert, Idaho earlier this summer in his first Professional Rodeo Cowboys of America event, he's under no illusions. "It's tough money," he says. (In some states, students

are allowed to compete in professional rodeo events without endangering their eligibility for other amateur sports.)

But at Helena, disaster reared its ugly hoof for both Calvin Amy and Barrie Beach, among others. Amy rode his horse brilliantly, by far the best ride by anyone all week, but judges ruled that he had failed to spur the critter properly coming out of the chute. Even winner Daniels, who had seen the ride, had shaken his head and concluded that Amy had him beat. Barrie's performance was something short of her normal standards. She slipped running to her goat and finished third. The winner of the event, Lori Primrose, was her usual confident self: "I didn't think I could beat her at all." Beach also was slow in the breakaway roping and missing in team roping to complete a terrible day; there had gone the all-round title, not to mention immortality as a goat-tier.

Disappointments do come bitter. Tony Burress, 18, of Warner, Okla., was awarded an extraordinary 83 points (75 is very good) on a bull that he rode early in the week and was seemingly in tall cotton. "What I like about bulls," he says, "is that usually you don't get hurt just a little. You're either dead or near dead. So that makes you try harder." But the next day he went out and was unseated by a bull with not much buck in his bounce. "Bull wasn't big enough," grouched Burress. "There wasn't nothin' to hang on to." Yet Burress and all the other high school students understand as well as their elders that rodeo is fickle.

Over at The Diggins, a disco, team roper J. D. Yates of Pueblo, Colo., who already is winning money as a pro, is holding court. "Everybody wants to hear rock music like this," he says. "Nobody wants to listen to cowboy music anymore except maybe kids from Wyoming."

But if cowboy musical tastes are changing, cowboys are staying more the same in other ways. They still have a certain flair for sitting on fences and using the word "if" a lot, as in "If that ole bull had done what he was supposed to..." They still wear their hats when they eat. The queens still say, "I love meeting people and I enjoy saying 'hi' to everyone." And why is it that traditional events like the saddle and bareback broncs and the bulls are flourishing? Because, says Roy Pace, chairman of the championships, "There's a little bit of cowboy in every kid that's ever been born." **END**



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13
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0.8 MG NIC



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MG TAR
0.7 MG NIC



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MG TAR
0.6 MG NIC



16
MG TAR
1.2 MG NIC



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MG TAR
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EL CABALLO IS OFF AND RUNNING

Cuba's double gold-medal winner, Alberto (the Horse) Juantorena, is in fine fettle for the World Games

by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

Alberto Juantorena came as something of a shock to the normally sedate Moscow. As he entered, diners in all parts of the Havana restaurant broke into applause. Within seconds he was engulfed by waiters, who shook his hand and clapped him on the back. Next he was swept into the kitchen, where he exchanged abrazos with every last potato peeler. Finally permitted to sit down to dinner, Juantorena was gawked at and clucked over the rest of the evening.

"The Cuban people are warm and friendly and I'm glad they enjoy my presence," Juantorena said the next morning, reflecting on the impact of his night on the town. Then he frowned. "Of course, sometimes I wish they enjoyed it a little less. Please do not misunderstand. It's just that my main purpose last night, my goal, was simply to have dinner."

The last time Alberto Juantorena could dine out in Cuba without causing a sensation—or, indeed, could stroll along a palm-lined boulevard without being noticed—was back before the 1976 Olympics. Until that time he was admired by his countrymen as a very good 400-meter runner—but that was the extent of it. Then, at Montreal, he became the first in Olympic history to win both the 400 and 800 meters. Counting heats in these events and the 4x400 relay, this involved nine races in as many days, and Juantorena pulled it off in

continued



Juantorena with his wife Yris and daughter Inés: is a national hero



Juantorena exults after his victory in the 800 meters at Montreal; the race few thought he would win

awesome fashion. He is 6' 3" and 185 pounds, and he runs with long, thundering strides. Eschewing strategy and tactics, he just went out and ran, first winning the 800 in 1:43.5, a world record, and then the 400 in 44.26, the fastest clocking ever at sea level. In both races he flicked off challengers like flies.

It takes endurance to excel in the 800 and speed to win the 400, and Juantorena's protean achievement earned him an international stature enjoyed among current Cuban athletes only by heavyweight boxer Teófilo Stevenson. Tass, UPI and Reuters, among others, lavished sportsman-of-the-year awards on him, and UCLA Track Coach Jim Bush called his 400-800 double "the greatest feat in Olympic history." An awed John Walker, New Zealand's gold medalist in the 1,500 meters, lauded the Cuban as "the prototype of the athlete of tomorrow," making him sound like some sort of sci-fi creation. Now 25 and plotting new conquests for the 1980 Olympics, Juantorena was as formidable as ever as the 1977 season warmed up. On an early-summer European tour, he won 13 of 13 races, with the fastest times in the year up to then in both the 400 (44.8) and 800 (1:43.7).

Nothing underscores the change in Juantorena's circumstances more dramatically than the adulation he now receives from the Cuban people, which is the phenomenon he was discussing on the morning after his Dolly Levi-like entrance at the Moscow. The conversation took place at his blue stucco house on Avenida G, a bustling boulevard in Havana's Vedado district, a residential neighborhood popular with wealthy Americans before the revolution. It is a sturdy old house, grilled and belustraded and shaded by spreading laurels and almond trees. Inside the arched doorway is a high-ceilinged sala, simply furnished and dominated by the inevitable photo of Che Guevara.

Juantorena was wearing jeans, a yellow T-shirt and blue running shoes. Ramrod straight, with a sloping forehead and strong chin beneath a steel-wool Afro, he seemed at first impression relaxed, even serene. Then, however, he sat down on a rocking chair on the porch. In his 1958 novel *Our Man in Havana*, Graham Greene wrote of two gentlemen languidly rocking on a patio and "making little currents of air." That was in the Cuba of convent schools and crisp trop-

ical suits. This is a different Cuba and Alberto Juantorena rocked furiously. And when he momentarily ceased rocking, he tapped his feet energetically. A man of motion.

Juantorena spoke of a three-week trip he was to undertake the next day. It would begin with the Central American Games in Mexico. Next would come the World University Games in Sofia, Bulgaria. Then, after returning briefly to Cuba, he would compete in early September in track and field's first World Cup, in Düsseldorf, West Germany. Wherever he went, he well realized, he would be the subject of considerable attention.

"It was the same thing in Europe this summer—just terrible," he said. "Reporters were after me every minute. I had no privacy. I got fed up." He smiled wanly and—it seemed—apologetically. "Of course, as last night demonstrated, my private life is finished in Cuba, too. Sometimes you want to go out in the streets, go unrecognized and just have fun."

His desire for privacy, Juantorena went on, was one reason he had arranged earlier that same morning to move his family into a new house two blocks away. The house in which he now lived—and in which he was now rocking so lustily—belonged to his father-in-law, Pedro Cardona, an official in the sugarcane cutters syndicate. Juantorena moved in four years ago when he married the second of Cardona's three daughters. Today the four-bedroom dwelling is home to Alberto and Yris Juantorena and their two children as well as to the Cardonas and their unmarried daughters—eight people in all.

"When a man has a family, he naturally wants his own place," Juantorena said, rocking busily on. "My new house is big and it is on a quieter street."

As Juantorena chatted, his 3-year-old daughter Irita played at his feet. Meanwhile, his wife could be seen through the open door giving a bottle to the couple's one-month-old son Alberto. Juantorena sometimes takes Irita along to workouts, explaining melodramatically, "She inspires me to run faster." He no doubt will start taking young Alberto to workouts, too. He was in Europe when the boy was born and he learned of the happy event by cablegram as the Cuban track men were passing through London's

Heathrow Airport. He shouted the news and his teammates cheered. A few days later, in Budapest, the mail brought a tape recording of the newborn infant crying. When the proud papa played the tape over and over at full volume, his teammates no longer cheered. Juantorena shrugged and said grandly, "My son is an inspiration to me." Which he has also said, variously, about his wife, his parents, his coaches, Fidel Castro, the revolution and, well, just about everything and everybody.

As though the house on Avenida G were not crowded enough, an unending stream of friends, neighbors and relatives flowed by as Juantorena rocked and talked. Also on hand was Alfredo Casaña, an official in Cuba's National Sports Institute and a friend of Juantorena's. Casaña, who lived for a number of years in Montgomery, Ala., was serving as interpreter, but Juantorena sometimes bypassed him and spoke English, which he has been studying on his own for five years. At one point Juantorena went into the house, returning with a worn copy of *First Things First*. "This is the book I use," he said. Then he shot Casaña a mock-serious accusing glance. "He promised to help me. I've been waiting for two years."

Casaña was sheepish. "I've been pretty busy," he said.

Besides boning up on *el inglés*, Juantorena studies economics at the University of Havana while Yris, a former member of Cuba's national gymnastics team, is training to teach physical education. Earlier, while Juantorena and his wife were away on an errand, Yris's mother had spoken of the importance she attaches to the couple's education. A pleasant, broad-faced woman, Esther Marchiran de Cardona is sufficiently old-fashioned to have sent her eldest daughter, Roxann, along as chaperone when Yris and Alberto began dating ("She wasn't along on all our dates," Alberto hastens to point out) and she admits that she tried to discourage them from marrying.

"Alberto was 20 and Yris 18," she said. "I asked them, 'Why so fast?' Only when they promised to finish their schooling did I consent." The Juantorenas were wed in the Palace of Matrimony, a converted casino now used for assembly-line civil ceremonies. "After the wedding we partied here at the house

until three in the morning," the mother went on. "There was much rum to drink and guests swimming about everywhere, even in the streets. And that was before Alberto became a star."

By Cuban standards Juantorena is clearly a privileged personage. A perennial housing shortage forces many Cubans to live in crowded conditions—indeed, eight people in a four-bedroom house is not at all excessive—and Casaña conceded that Juantorena's Olympic successes helped cut the red tape necessary to get his new house. "Alberto is a national hero who has made outside contributions," Casaña said. "He plays host to visitors from abroad like yourself. He deserves some privacy. It is only right that he have a nice house."

The new house is not Juantorena's only perk. Most automobiles in Cuba are pre-Kaline Detroit but Juantorena drives a new Russian-made Lada 150. The tomato-red Lada is equipped with a stereo tape deck and has a tiny stuffed bear, a souvenir Juantorena picked up in East Berlin, dangling from the rearview mirror. At the wheel of the Lada later that day, Juantorena said proudly, "I get 35 kilometers [21 miles] to the gallon." He volunteered that "only people like architects, doctors and engineers" had the right to buy such a car, adding abruptly, "Ah, but we have more important things to talk about than cars." He was on the outskirts of Havana, driving past low-slung, socialist-modern dormitories. "For athletes," he said. "They were built by brigades of volunteer workers." He pointed to a four-story building. "For elementary-school teachers. On the day it opened, Fidel came."

Fidel is Cuba's *máximo líder*. He is also the proud possessor of an Olympic gold medal for the 800 meters, which Juantorena personally presented to him after Montreal, keeping the gold medal in the 400 for himself. A member of the elite Young Communist League, Juantorena says earnestly, "It is necessary to thank the revolution as having created everything, including our victories in sports. The revolution created the necessary material conditions, health care and facilities. I am a product of the revolution."

Juantorena was born and raised in Santiago de Cuba, a busy seaport of 350,000 near the island's easternmost tip. It is the capital of old Oriente Province.

continued

whose inhabitants, like Texans, pride themselves on turning out the prettiest women and the best athletes. Oriente can also claim credit for nurturing the revolution, its steaming mountains having been the staging ground for the Casto-led guerrillas who on Jan. 1, 1959 ousted Fulgencio Batista from power. Alberto Juantorena, the second of three children of a construction worker, says that his parents were "sympathetic" to the rebels and that two cousins fought at Fidel's side in the mountains. "There was a garrison in front of our house and I remember the rebels taking it over when the country was liberated," says Juantorena, who was seven at the time. "People were shooting in the streets. It was a happy day."

According to Candia Juantorena, Alberto's younger sister, he moved first even at an early age. "He was always on the go," she relates. "Our mother would say, 'Now Alberto, don't forget that errand.' And he would say, 'It's done, Mother.'" As a teen-ager Juantorena served in the army and cut sugarcane during three annual harvests. His sport in those days was basketball and he eventually started at forward on the provincial team. By all accounts, he was no Ricardo Barry. Aside from being aggressive under the boards, his biggest asset was that he was fast as blazes getting up and down the court. In early 1971, Cuba's sporting powers persuaded the 19-year-old Juantorena that his future lay in track.

He became a 400-meter specialist and in the 1972 Olympics just missed one of the eight places in the finals by running fifth in his semifinal heat. In late 1974 and again in early 1975 he underwent surgery on his left foot for tendon and arch problems. Only his Cuban teammates fully appreciated the achievement when, less than five months after being in a full leg cast, he finished second to Ronnie Ray of the U.S. at the 1975 Pan-American Games. The other Cubans nicknamed the powerful Juantorena el caballo (the horse) and Eddy Gutierrez Jaime, Cuba's No. 2 man in the 400, realized he was going to remain No. 2. "Like most 400 runners I go at top speed the first 350 meters and then struggle," James says. "Alberto was different. He didn't seem to tire those last 50 meters."

Juantorena's ability to sustain speed also impressed Zygmunt Zabierowski, his Polish coach, who introduced him to

a bit of distance work in late 1975. Juantorena recalls, "I wondered what was going on. When he told me he was thinking about the 800, I got violent. I thought he was crazy. With the 800 scheduled first in the Olympics, I was afraid I'd wear myself out and ruin my chances in the 400, too." With his training times rapidly improving, however, Juantorena warmed to the idea of trying the 800. Even so, the decision to go for the double was not made until two weeks before the Games.

The way trackside observers had it figured at Montreal, Juantorena's only realistic strategy in the 800 would be to lay back, pray that the front-runners would misjudge the pace and then use his quarter-mile's speed to outkick them. Instead, displaying supreme confidence and a chilling sense of pace, he surged ahead at 600 meters and stayed there, amazingly maintaining his long sprinter's stride all the way. "I thought Rick Wohlhuter would catch him," says UCLA's Bush, referring to the American who would settle for the bronze behind the late Ivo Van Damme of Belgium. "This man just kept going and going and going." At the postrace press conference, el caballo showed off his English. "I don't like run in the back," he said.

The question remained whether the victory had taken too much out of Juantorena for the 400. The answer came when he was on Fred Newhouse's shoulder at 300 meters, then pounded ahead to win by a couple of widening steps. On the alltime list, his 44.26 ranks behind only Lee Evans' 43.86 and Larry James' 43.97, both times achieved in Mexico City's rarefied air in the 1968 Games. Americans had last lost an Olympic 400 at Helsinki in 1952 and Juantorena allows that it was a "very great satisfaction" to end their supremacy—but only, he quickly adds, "from a healthy sports point of view."

Juantorena's Montreal performance was tarnished by the absence of Kenya's 800-meter star Mike Boit, who did not compete because of the African boycott. Frustratingly, the two have not run against each other to this day. They did, however, engage in a rather curious minuet in late June at a two-day meet in London, where Boit showed up with the avowed intention of running the 1,500, while Juantorena was entered in the 400 and 800. After Juantorena won the 400

on the first day, Boit suddenly announced that he would compete in the 800 the next day, scratching from the 1,500. When Cuban coaches angrily threatened to withdraw their man, flustered meet officials decided to stage two 800s. And so, the world's two best 800-meter men ran in London that day and both won: Boit in 1:45.68, Juantorena in 1:45.51.

It was a ludicrous situation and Boit later admitted that the reason he initially declared out of the 800 was to lure Juantorena into it. "I tried to trick him—but no luck," the Kenyan said. "He refused to run against me. I can beat him and that's why he's dodging me."

This charge disrespects Jorge Cumberbatch, a normally good-humored little fellow who assumed the job of coaching Juantorena after Zabierowski returned to Poland last January. Cumberbatch, who was Cuba's premier quarter-mileer a decade ago, was on hand for Juantorena's last afternoon workout before the trip to Mexico. The session took place in the lush surroundings of Havana's Rover Club, a hilly nine-hole golf course founded by British residents before the Castro takeover. The club now attracts only a smattering of foreign diplomats, which means that Juantorena can run on its sloping fairways without much worry of getting beamed by golf balls.

Juantorena's wife and daughter came with him to the golf course. "It's a nice place for Irita to run," said Yria, who then went off in pursuit of her romping child. Her husband loped off in a different direction. He was shirtless and wore his shorts pulled high; long-legged as he is, he thus seemed even more so. He also wore, as always, calf-high socks. Juantorena's feet blister easily and he says that socks keep his shoes from chafing his feet. But why calf-high? "I guess it's a habit from basketball days," he says.

Juantorena bounded up a hill and soon became a speck in the distance. After watching him disappear, Cumberbatch spoke of Mike Boit. "We want to compete against Boit, but under fair conditions," he said. "Boit assured us privately before we got to London that he was not going to run in the 800 and we planned our races there simply as part of our training. Alberto became annoyed at Boit's little tricks and wanted to run against him anyway, but I wouldn't let him." Cumberbatch's voice was rising now. "I am not putting my man's pres-

tige on the line when he is tired and the other man is fresh as lettuce."

Their handling of the situation in London made it seem that the Cubans were trying to keep Juantorena unbeaten in all manner of competition, big and little, an objective important to fight managers but not, usually, to track men Juantorena, for his part, denies having any such frivolous concerns. "If I'd run against Bot in London and he'd beaten me, well, that would have been that," he says. "Of course, then I would have chased him all over Europe to pay him back."

It is assumed that the long-delayed showdown between Bot and Juantorena will come at the World Cup. In preparing for that meet, Juantorena is concentrating more on the 800 than on the 400. This is partly because Bot's specter looms in the 800, but also because Juantorena is starting to think of himself as a middle-distance man. Indeed, he suspects he might move up to the 1,500 by the 1980 Olympics. "Endurance seems to be part of my nature," he says. "I've done relatively little distance work in the past. With proper work, who knows how I might do?" Meanwhile, there appears to be less competition in the 400 than the 800, and Juantorena feels his chances for a double at Düsseldorf are promising.

It was with this in mind that Juantorena put in an hour of hard training early the following morning at Havana's noisy old Pedro Marrero Stadium—noisy because swarms of workmen were renovating its ancient stands. Watching the workout was Juantorena's sister Caridad, who was visiting from Santiago de Cuba. Her presence, Alberto said with the usual flourish, was "an inspiration to me." Afterward he drove Caridad to the Frank Pais Orthopedic Hospital. It was here that the operations were performed on Juantorena's foot and it was here that Caridad, a basketball player on the Oriente women's team, had been operated on for an injured knee three months before. Today she was to have a checkup.

The hospital was a well-scrubbed, pink-brick structure and its lobby was crowded with patients, some of them on crutches, others wearing braces. They greeted Juantorena excitedly. He moved among them like a faith healer, clapping hands and reaching through a sea of expectant faces to tousle the hair of children. His caramel-colored features glistened with perspiration. A nurse who

knew him from his stay at the hospital brought the thirsty Juantorena a glass of ice water, then another glass, then still another. As he gulped down his fourth glass, she said gently, "You must have been eating pork."

"No," Juantorena replied. "I've been running like an animal."

A torrential rain fell that afternoon, sending water cascading past the windows of José Martí Airport like a second sheet of glass. Resplendent in his light-blue team uniform, Alberto Juantorena roamed the air-conditioned terminal. He pushed the happily squealing Leta around in a luggage cart. He chatted with compañeros. And he had a beer at the bar—"A little celebration," he called it. It was a year to the day since he had won the gold medal at Montreal in the 400. (Four days before, on the anniversary of his victory in the 800, he had allowed himself a glass of rum at home.) Cubana Airlines Flight 464 was nearly two hours late when it departed for Mexico City and Juantorena paced the aisle of the plane while teammates slept or played cards.

In Mexico, competing in the Central American Games in Jalapa, he was narrowly upset in the 400 by Jamaica's Seymour Newman. Newman was timed in 45.66, Juantorena in 45.67. Then, in Guadalajara, in trials for the World Cup's America II team (representing the hemisphere except for the U.S.), Juantorena won the 800 (1:48.28) and 400 (1:44.79) to qualify for both events at Düsseldorf. Finally, in Sofia, he broke the 800 record again, this time sizzling to a 1:43.43. The stage was set for his meeting in Düsseldorf with Mike Bot.

When Juantorena returns home from his journeys, he and his family will move. Just before leaving for the airport, Juantorena had stopped by to look at his new house. The spacious, colonnaded building occupied a large corner lot that seemed almost rural, so green and lush were its plantings. Within its thick stucco walls, its foyer and four bedrooms were richly decorated with marble and stained glass. Heading from one handsome room to the next, Juantorena said over his shoulder, "When the house is cleaned up and repaired, it will be. . . ." Then he was gone, making it necessary to speculate on what he was about to say. Ah, yes, of course. When the house is cleaned up and repaired, it will, naturally, be an inspiration to him. END



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We are in the clubhouse at Jefferson Downs, a tidy little horse track about 20 miles from New Orleans and a furlong from Lake Pontchartrain. It is a few minutes before post time for the first race, 7:15 on a windless and comfortable spring evening. Fading sunlight falls on the greenery beyond the tote board. The crowd (3,715 according to the next day's *Times-Picayune*) is quiet by ordinary standards, and very quiet compared to crowds at Aqueduct or Santa Anita.

'The No. 6 horse will win.' So many things are going on, they throw you off your extrasensory perception."

So here we are at a little, ordinary, six-furlong racetrack, where everything is outwardly normal, ready to step into the spirit world. I personally have no opinion about psychic phenomena. I agree with an English authority on such subjects who reported that 13 at dinner is unquestionably bad luck when there is only food enough for 12. But at the same time

WIN, PLACE AND GLOW

The psychic could see a shining force field around the horses—but the hunches of other bettors were coming in as static over his ESP

by ROBERT CANTWELL

But it is not quiet for Lalsingh (Sean) Harribance, who is a psychic. In fact, he might well be the most thoroughly tested psychic in the country, if not the world. His supposed extrasensory powers were studied for six consecutive years in the various parapsychological centers located at Durham, N.C., around Duke University (It must be mentioned that those who "tested" and "studied" Harribance were already convinced of the existence of extrasensory powers.) Unlike most psychics, mediums, clairvoyants, sensitives, whatever they're called, Harribance is also a horseplayer. He has been going to the track regularly for the past two years and picking horses, not by their bloodlines, performances, jockeys, or any of the other factors bettors ordinarily depend on, but, he claims, by extrasensory perception. He contends he never so much as glances at the *Racing Form*.

A dark and stocky, restless individual, Harribance impresses one as earnest, sincere and dedicated to the task of showing that psychic abilities can be of use in everyday life. He readily agreed to tape-record his selections before each race, place his bets and see what happened, but stressed that the results were not likely to compare with what he accomplished under purportedly scientific conditions. "When I am doing scientific research I have to get in a meditative state," he said. "It takes me about 10 minutes. But most psychics get licked at the racetrack because of the noise—people's thoughts. You see, at a racetrack people think in numbers. They think, 'The No. 9 horse is good.' The tote board says to them,

I was intrigued by the experiments in the parapsychological laboratories at Durham, even though many reputable scientists look askance at their methods and controls, see no evidence of the existence of psychic phenomena and are concerned at the public's uncritical acceptance of parapsychology, astrology and the like.

At the Psychical Research Foundation, Harribance reclined for hours in an easy chair in a windowless, soundproof room, wired to an EEG and a polygraph machine, or he detector, and identified cards bearing five different symbols while an experimenter drew them at random from 120 decks. The EEG was recording his brain's alpha waves. These are associated with quiet states, closed eyes, dreaming, reverie and meditation, and the object of the study was to find out if there were any significant differences in these waves when his scores were high and when they were low. The experimenters say that Harribance scored well when his brain showed a higher proportion of alpha waves.

The track is unobtrusively hospitable, with 100 seller's windows, 50 cashier's windows, a spacious grandstand and a comfortable clubhouse. It is altogether an agreeable place for letting one's ESP take over. It is the sort of place where no one pays any attention to what anyone else's ESP is doing.

Harribance sat quietly at the table after dinner, during which he had no liquor or tobacco. He will look at you quietly for a long time and then suddenly tell you about your health, your problems at work, your troubles with your

wife and whether or not you should have become a lawyer rather than a journalist. His wife Chris, a tall, pretty woman, sat beside him and, while she sometimes glanced quizzically at a horse he picked, never commented on his choices.

Shortly before the first race, Harribance walked briskly to the dining room windows at one end of the grandstand where he could look at the horses being saddled. He had no strong feelings about the 10 entries in the first race, a six-fur-

long, \$1,500 claiming event, 4-year-olds and up, for a \$1,800 purse. "I like Seven to be right in front," said Harribance nonetheless. "Seven, Seven." Seven was Treble Hook, a 6-year-old brown gelding that had won at the Fair Grounds five months before, but had placed once since for 1977 earnings of \$768. Only one of the experts whose choices were noted in the *Daily Racing Form* even mentioned Treble Hook. "Six is actually the best horse in the race," Harribance

went on. Six was Right N' Bright, with two seconds in nine races and 1977 earnings of \$2,493. He was the first choice of almost all the experts. "Five will come from behind and do well," Harribance concluded as he gathered additional vibrations from Vern's Destroyer, winner of two races in 29 starts.

"How can you tell?"

"In animals and people I look at an aura. You know, in my book, *This Man Knows You*, I talk about the energy field

continued



around the body. Each living being possesses this life force. I have even felt it in trees and plants. Even a leaf. I have a spiritual body and a physical body. Well, the aura radiates from the physical body, and I see that in animals."

"Where do you see it on a horse?"

"By the head. There's a blooming, very hot, like heat. That horse wants to go."

The idea of spectral flames shooting out of the horses' heads as they came down the stretch was awe-inspiring. Personally, I could see no phosphorescent glow around any of the animals and, in fact, hardly any signs of life in some. And yet the race was a good one. As Harbance had predicted, Treble Hook took the lead. At the half mile he was two lengths ahead of Right N' Bright, which had two lengths on Vern's Destroyer. Until the last few strides it looked as if Harbance had picked them one, two, three. But a beautiful little animal named Jerry's Song, unraced in the past nine months, winner of two races in 30 starts, off at 35 to 1, closed determinedly and passed Vern's Destroyer and Right N' Bright, losing to Treble Hook by a nose.

Still, Harbance had done better than the handicappers. The horse he picked to win had won, his second choice was third, and his third horse was fourth. But he had not bet on his choices. "I changed my own arrangement," he said composedly. "I went to buy Seven to win. I changed. I see Six to win. I said Seven to place. But then I did not buy it."

Why not? According to Harbance, when he went to the window to place his bets, the combined thoughts of other bettors, their silent self-arguments and doubts, their concentration on the names of horses and calculations of odds had flowed through the air like telepathic static. This, Harbance said, made him lose confidence in what had seemed to be certain foreknowledge. "Besides, I am not lucky," he said. "I can tell you. 'Look, that horse will win.' But I will go buy something else. I am anxious to see if luck can beat extrasensory perception."

In the second race, a four-furlong \$7,500 claiming race for maidens, Harbance had two \$10 tickets on No. 5 to win and four \$10 tickets on No. 9 to show. His insights came numerically; he never mentioned a horse's name. No. 5 was Bitter Bubbles, unplaced in five starts. Nine was Special Jason, fifth in his first and only race a week earlier. The other eight horses did not interest him.

He tape-recorded his selections and went off to buy his tickets. This time he did not change his mind. The ESP feeling must have been very strong, for he showed no excitement when Bitter Bubbles, running second until mid-stretch, drew away to win by two lengths (paying \$8.20 over Special Jason, which paid \$3.80 to show. Harbance collected \$158 giving Chris half of it).

Harbance says he became aware of his psychic ability when he was a 12-year-old boy in his native Trinidad. He tells of walking home from school one day when he suddenly visualized a schoolmate's mother wearing a new red dress with green stripes. When he announced this he was laughed at. They were all too poor for such finery. But when the schoolmate got home his mother was wearing a dress like the one Harbance described, an unexpected present from a visiting relative. Harbance soon found himself doing similar tricks, though that is not a word he would use, to become popular with other kids. For instance, somebody would ask him to make a "prediction" and he would say, "You have 25¢ in your left pocket." He was correct often enough to get a reputation.

"I was brought up as a Hindu," he said between races at Jefferson Downs. "America is a scientific community, but Hindus are a religious community. As a very young child I sat with my grandfather and did yoga and meditated. We were told that if you meditated you'd get the powers of yoga: walk on water, see God..."

His father operated a sawmill, a corn mill and a rice mill, and later a grocery store where Sean worked when he was not playing cricket or beating the other kids at cards. He was converted to Christianity, which upset his family, and he further antagonized his parents when he refused to go through with a marriage that had been arranged for him. He had left home and school and was working at the ticket counter of a bus company when he began giving readings at a fee of 50¢ for five minutes at church benefits, usually telling girls about their future marriages. These sessions became so popular that he went on a county-fair circuit, where he imparted such information to hundreds of clients uncertain about their future husbands. "I am 90% right on love lives," Harbance says.

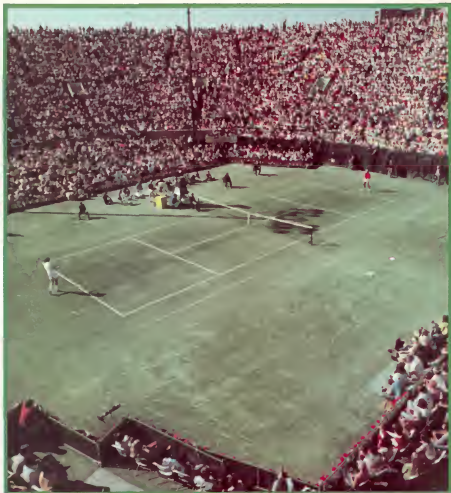
William Roll of the Psychical Research Foundation in Durham tested him, using

hidden photographs of men and women. From an adjoining room Harbance picked the sex of persons from photographs he could not see. Given two choices, the law of probability—formulated by Pascal and Pierre de Fermat in the 17th century—says that if you keep on picking long enough you will be right 50% of the time. According to the Foundation, Harbance got 677 right and 323 wrong in 1,000 trials. In another well-publicized instance in Trinidad, a person unknown to him was brought into an adjoining room, out of his sight and hearing. Harbance wrote down the person's height and other personal facts, adding that the stranger played cricket well. The individual was Charles Davis, who is the West Indies' best cricketer, and the measurements and characteristics were correct.

In 1969 Harbance was invited to Durham, where he met Roll, whose foundation provided an opportunity for testing. You can read some of the results in statistics-studded papers bearing such titles as *Free Verbal Response Experiments with Lalsingh Harbance, or Further Forced-Choice Experiments with Lalsingh Harbance, or ESP with Unbalanced Decks: A Study of the Process in an Exceptional Subject*. In some of the experiments, volunteers were brought one by one (unseen by Harbance) into an adjoining room. He recorded his thoughts about their physical appearance, family background, love life and other private matters that he claimed his extrasensory perceptions, or ESP, communicated to him. These notations were then compared to the biographies of the volunteers. The testers say that Harbance's impressions coincided with fact far more often than they would have by mere chance.

"It was a matter of personal satisfaction to Sean that he could produce high scores under tight experimental conditions," says Roll. "From our point of view, it was important not only to obtain evidence for ESP, but also to bring some understanding to the nature of the ESP process. We may all have some psychic field around us, all sorts of thoughts, which we may try to keep to ourselves. Sean would not exactly create a disturbance, but, well, he might go up to people coming out of a movie theater and tell them about themselves. Apparently he received an onrush of psychic information about them and had to get it out."

continued on page 67



U.S. OPEN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS

The following 32 page advertising section contains photographs, information and anecdotes about the most memorable moments in five of the most memorable matches in Forest Hills history.

A great match, to a tennis buff, lingers in that part of the memory which preserves life's most vivid and pleasurable moments—alongside a maiden ocean voyage, perhaps, or one's introduction to lobster tails. Any number of elements can go into a great match: excellence, of course, closeness, the character and personality of the players, their endurance, a particular rivalry, or even an unexpected bit of theater like an injury or an explosion over a crucial call. The most memorable contests in the history of our national championships invariably contain most of these elements plus something else, perhaps indefinable, something that so stirs our imagination that we cherish it and make it our own. Most of us have seen such matches, and maybe we'll see another this year. Until then we have our memories of the great ones, and here is a selection—five of the most memorable matches in Forest Hills history.

TED SCHROEDER



1949

Pancho Gonzales and Ted Schroeder had met on eight occasions before the nationals of 1949 and Schroeder had won seven times. The two Southern Californians were on collision course that year: Gonzales had won Forest Hills a year earlier as a 20-year-old sensation, but Schroeder had skipped the tournament; Schroeder, seven years older, had taken Wimbledon in that summer of '49 in his one and only try at it; Schroeder was seeded first as a

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result and Gonzales, who had staggered through an up-and-down season, was second. Their temperaments collided as well: Schroeder was a cocky, wisecracking strutter and a renacious scrambler; Gonzales was intense, introspective, and given to heavy broods. His principal weapon was a vicious serve.

True to form they both reached the finals. Gonzales took five sets to subdue Art Larsen in the quarter-finals, then overpowered Frankie Parker in the semis. Schroeder, regarded as the best fifth-set player of his day, scored consecutive marathon wins over 21-year-old Frank Sedgman of Australia and Bill Talbert. Gonzales, the son of a Hollywood scenery painter, said later that the plot resembled a B-movie.

The first set was a duel of thundering serves. Each man took turns blowing the other down. "It was a moral victory," Red Smith wrote, "when a man receiving service got his racket on the ball. One point scored against service was good; two was wonderful." Only two of the first 19 games went to deuce, and by that time the score was 10-9 Gonzales. Pancho had set point on Schroeder's serve in that game, but an ace brought Schroeder even

and two crisp volleys made it 10-all.

They continued to hold serve to 12-all, 13-all, and 14-all. Gonzales piled up 17 aces in the set. At 14-15 Schroeder was down love-40 after two spectacular lobs by Gonzales. Schroeder pulled it out again on two backhand errors by Gonzales and an overhead.

Schroeder had his first chance for a break at 16-all. With the crowd roaring on every point he jumped off to 40-love on Gonzales' serve. By now this was the longest set ever played in a Forest Hills final. Pancho scrambled back to deuce, then Schroeder got the ad on a net cord, then Pancho aced him. Deuce again. Now, after a brilliant exchange of ground strokes, Gonzales hit a drop volley that the linesman called out. The fans howled, Gonzales glowered, but the call stood. On the next point Pancho slipped while making a volley and netted it. Schroeder had the break and a few minutes later the first set at 18-16.

Gonzales seemed dispirited in the second set. Schroeder had received permission to don spikes because of the slippery grass, but Gonzales didn't have any spikes. Ballboys scurried to the locker room to



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PANCHO GONZALES

find a pair he could borrow. No luck. He lost his serve again. Schroeder held his. Gonzales now had another grievance besides the linesman's call at 16-all. The second set was Schroeder's at 6-2.

But in the third set Pancho returned to life. His big serve began clapping the lines again. His volley, always his favorite stroke, won him point after point. He finally broke Schroeder, which so pleased him that he immediately did it again, grabbing four games running. He won the third set 6-1. His confidence rising as Schroeder began to tire, he sailed through the fourth set and won it 6-2.

The gritty Schroeder tightened his game in the final set. He pulled out the first game from love-30 on his serve, then had 30-love on Pancho's serve

at 2-1. Both players held serve to 4-all, but Schroeder's fatigue was obvious now. Gonzales stroked two successive backhand service returns that Schroeder couldn't handle and broke to 5-4. In the next game he nervously served his first double fault in three sets, then slipped to 30-40 when he mis-hit a ball that was going out. Schroeder hit beyond the baseline for deuce. Pancho slammed an overhead: match point. Gonzales served and rushed net. Schroeder tried a forehand down the line, then screamed in disbelief as the linesman called it out. For a moment he held his racket as if to throw it at the official, while Gonzales, standing at the net, winced and turned his head. Then Schroeder tossed his racket into the net, smiled, and shook his conqueror's hand.



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ROLEX

1933

The rivalry between Helen Wills and Helen Jacobs reached back to the years when both were teenaged proteges of the same coach in Berkeley, Calif. Wills, three years older, gave Jacobs a 6-0, 6-0 drubbing the first time they ever played. The two girls went to the same school and both attended the University of California. The Jacobs family even lived in a house once occupied by the Wills.

Wills, quiet and dark-haired, was methodical, colorless and devastating. Her strength was in her fierce concentration and the power and depth of her ground strokes. Jacobs was stocky, blonde and bouncy. She was more athletic, moved more fluidly on the court, and loved to volley. Through the late 1920's and into the 1930's Wills dominated women's tennis as no one has before or since. She won Wimbledon eight times, beating Jacobs in four of the finals. She captured seven U.S. singles titles between 1923 and 1931. In 1932 she stayed out of the tournament and Jacobs won.

To take a game off Helen Wills was remarkable; to win a set was unthinkable. Wills' mastery over her competition was so complete that from late 1926 to the summer of 1933 she did not lose a set. She streamrolled Jacobs at Forest Hills in 1928, at Wimbledon in 1929 and at Paris in 1930. By



HELEN WILLS

HELEN JACOBS



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the time they faced each other in the Forest Hills finals in 1933, Helen Jacobs had been flailing at her for 10 years without a win. No wonder the stadium was half-empty.

But Jacobs had a plan for this match. She had consulted the retired Suzanne Lenglen, the only woman player of Wills' stature. Lenglen suggested she hit crosscourt shots to keep Wills off-balance and to exploit her stronger net game. If Wills found a comfortable backcourt groove she would dig in, like Chris Evert 40 years later, and blast perfect ground strokes for months on end.

Jacobs got away fast, breaking Wills early and taking a 3-1 lead. The court was still moist from the rain which had delayed the finals several days. Jacobs concentrated on slicing deep approach shots and charging the net. Wills' strategy was to pound Jacobs' forehand until she got a short ball she could

angle cross-court for a winner. Wills broke back to pull even at 3-all, then both held serve to 6-all. The crowd began to stir; even the sportswriters perked up: Wills in trouble was news.

Jacobs had practiced hitting overhead smashes just prior to the match, and it was paying off. Wills had to build a perfect lob to beat her. Jacobs held serve for a 7-6 edge. In the next game she sliced her returns deep and moved to net where her volleys won her the break and first set.

Wills stormed back at the start of the second set, cracking her flawless groundstrokes to the corners and taking the net, again like Evert, only to end a point with an easy putaway. She pulled off to a 3-0 lead. Jacobs, gambling on her approach shots, drew even at 3-all. Wills kept aiming for the lines and found them often enough to break Jacobs for 4-3, then held serve and broke her again to win the set.





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Wills stayed on the court during the 10-minute intermission, resting in a chair, while Jacobs went to the dressing room. At the start of the final set Wills appeared weak; she double-faulted twice while losing her serve in the opening game. Jacobs then fell behind love-30 on her own serve, but took advantage of a pair of Wills' mistakes to pull out the game. Two-love Jacobs. The crowd was buzzing now. The reporters already had their headline: **WILLS ERA ENDS.** Wills smacked a strong serve to take the first point of the third game, then watched Jacobs pass her twice. A forehand error by Wills at 15-40 made it 3-love Jacobs.

With Jacobs getting ready to serve the first point of the next game, Wills suddenly walked to the umpire's stand and put on her sweater. She told the official that her back pained her and she could not

continue. Jacobs ran to the net and asked her if she wanted to rest. Wills shook her head no. Jacobs and the audience were stunned. The victory she had coveted for a decade, the match she had won in her mind a thousand times, now a tantalizing three games away, was spoiled, tarnished by Wills' default. Wills walked to the dressing room without shaking her rival's hand.

Wills was berated as a quitter who robbed Jacobs of her triumphant moment, but her back ailment was serious; she underwent surgery a few months later. Wills and Jacobs met twice in the Wimbledon finals after that, and Wills won them both, fighting back from match point in the first one. Helen Jacobs went on to win the nationals the next two years, but she never again defeated her old rival from Berkeley.





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1927

Bill Tilden blossomed late as a tennis champion—he was 27 when he first won Forest Hills in 1920—but the sunburst that followed was glorious. No player ever commanded the court like Tilden did. He had no weakness and no peers. He mastered every stroke, then developed a half-dozen variations of each. Between 1920 and 1925 he won six straight U.S. Singles titles and was undefeated in Davis Cup singles. He stands at the top of every list of the greatest players of all time—ahead of Budge, Laver, Gonzales, Perry, Vines, and Cochet.

But by 1927 Tilden's sun was beginning to set. A year earlier he had lost a Davis Cup match to the Frenchman René Lacoste, and Lacoste's countryman Henri Cochet had ousted him in the quarter-finals at Forest Hills. In the summer of 1927 Lacoste had beaten him in the challenge round again, and this time the French won the cup. Tilden was 34, and no longer able to maintain top speed for three straight sets. He had to pace himself. René Lacoste—Tilden always called him "Rainy"—was 22.

The French seemed to be ganging up on Tilden. There was Lacoste, Cochet, Jean Borotra—as soon as one fell another popped up. The French had learned from him and respected him. Tilden in turn admired them, especially Lacoste. "This was one of the finest tennis players and tennis brains I ever encountered," he said, "and I underestimated him. I saw too late that Lacoste had figured a way to beat me...that he had developed a slice serve just for the purpose of using it against me in the important games. I recognized this as very sound tactically, and it made me wonder what else this fellow might have up his sleeve."



BILL TILDEN

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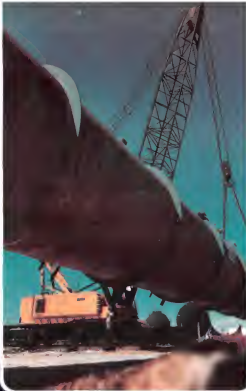
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CLARK



Tilden said frequently that he never played better than in the 1927 Forest Hills final against Lacoste. The stadium was filled to standing-room. Big Bill knew that he had to get on top fast because a long match favored Lacoste, so he went all out in the first set. If he could win the first his strategy was to relax in the second, make another charge in the third, then rely on the intermission to restore his strength for the fourth.

But Lacoste foiled his plan. An unparalleled baseline retriever, the Frenchman took Tilden's best and fired it back, driving his groundstrokes deeper and deeper into the corners. Lacoste was ahead at 4-3, 5-4 and 6-5 in the opening set. Then Tilden made a rush. He held serve for 6-all, broke Lacoste easily to 7-6, and went up 40-love, set point. Tilden missed an ace by a whisker. The crowd groaned. Then he blew a forehand, then a volley. He dropped five straight points to lose the game. Lacoste held serve to 10-9, then capitalized on another string of Tilden errors to capture the first set.

Tilden looked weary. "By the second set the fires of his wrathful forehanders were slumbering," Allison Danzig wrote, "and the third set found him a drooping figure, his head slunk forward, so utterly exhausted that not even the pitchers of ice water that he doused over himself could stimulate his frayed nerves." Tilden grabbed a 3-1 lead in the second set, then lost five games in a row to yield the set. Lacoste was playing errorless tennis, running everything down and pounding it back. Tilden was a tottering old bear trying to fight off a spring-footed cougar.

The tempo picked up in the third set. Tilden was



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reaching for every shot in his marvelous repertoire. He went ahead 4-1 and then 5-2. Tilden had often come back from two sets to none. He sometimes seemed to *prefer* trailing by two sets. The crowd, unanimously behind him, roared their encouragement. Lacoste lifted his game as well, fought back to 5-4 with a break and then 5-all. It was "the best that tennis can offer," Danzig wrote, "the zenith"—the brilliant offense of Tilden versus the defensive genius of Lacoste.

Tilden fell behind at 6-7 and Lacoste had two match points, but the American recovered with a gorgeous down-the-line drive. He held serve to lead at 8-7 as the crowd exploded. Lacoste pulled even again, then went ahead 9-8 on a break. The old bear roused himself for one final burst and broke Lacoste at love. But he was finished now. Lacoste outlasted him through four deuces to take the next game, then ran out the set and match.

There was something so commanding about Tilden that he was as magnificent in defeat as in victory. He was gracious in his praise of "Rainy." One writer had described his 1926 loss to Lacoste as "the first leaf of autumn." A few more leaves had fallen in 1927, but not all of them: Tilden won Forest Hills again in 1929 and Wimbledon, at age 37, in 1930.

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1950

In 1950, three years after Jackie Robinson broke baseball's color barrier, a black tennis player was finally allowed to play in the U.S. championships. Althea Gibson was the daughter of a sharecropper who worked five acres of cotton and corn in South Carolina. After the family moved to Harlem she learned paddle tennis, graduating rapidly to tennis and the women's title of the predominantly black American Tennis Association. She was 23 when she integrated the draw at Forest Hills.

Gibson's first round match was assigned to field court 14, where it lured only a few fans away from a mixed doubles exhibition starring Ginger Rogers on the clubhouse court. Her next foe was Louise Brough, a tall, blonde Californian who was coming off her third straight Wimbledon victory. Gibson-Brough was scheduled for the grandstand court.

Gibson began nervously, struggling to harness her powerful serve. She moved tentatively to the net and was repeatedly caught at the service line by Brough's sharp returns. Her overhead wasn't working. Brough was serving and volleying smoothly. Some of the crowd began to drift away, whispering that the strong, lanky Gibson might be more symbol than tennis player. Brough coasted through the first set at 6-1.

Gibson dug in and began to hold serve in the second. Gaining confidence by the game, she started to hit out from both wings. Brough held serve to 3-all, but Gibson was challenging her now, lobbing adroitly, moving to the net on serve returns. Gibson got her first break to 4-3, then held on from love-30 on her own serve to win the next game. Another break of Brough's serve gave her the second set.

The news hummed through the crowd at the stadium, where Australia's John Bromwich was methodically dispatching Tony Trabert in three sets. Spectators trotted down the stadium steps and tried to find a seat in the grandstand, which held only 2,000 people. In desperation some fans lay on their stomachs and peered under the canvas windbreaks at either end of the court for a worm's-eye view.

Brough, revived by the 10-minute break, banged back at the beginning of the third set to win three straight games. The two women then traded breaks to put Brough up 4-1. Brough's serve was beginning to falter, however, and Gibson broke through to reach 4-2, then held for 4-3. Gibson played a spectacular game with Brough ahead 5-4, racing off to a 40-love lead, then falling back to deuce, then snatching a forehand winner off a Brough overhead. Gibson grabbed that game and her own serve for a 6-5 edge, her first in the match.

ALTHEA GIBSON



Brough held serve at love to reach 6-all. The sky began to look ominously dark. Thunder rolled over New Jersey and Manhattan, heading east. Gibson fell behind 15-30 on her serve, then slammed an unanswerable first serve for 30-all. At 40-30 she hit a forehand winner to go up 7-6.

At that moment the first drops began to fall. Within seconds it was pouring. Spectators and players scampered for shelter. Lightning struck the top of the stadium, knocking a concrete eagle to the ground. Play was suspended until the next day.

That gave both of them a night and a morning to think about their match. The pressure was clearly greater on the Forest Hills rookie than on the former U.S. and Wimbledon champ. "By the time I got through reading the morning papers," Gibson said later, "I was a nervous wreck."

They resumed before a packed grandstand and 20 photographers. Brough quickly held serve for 7-all. A jittery Gibson then fell behind 15-40 on a *weak shot to Brough at the net, a double fault, and a volley over the baseline*. An ace and an overhead brought her to deuce, but Brough stroked two strong serve returns to take the game. Brough then rushed to 40-15 and match point, but Gibson saved it with a deep lob that Brough hit out. Then Gibson hit a backhand long. Brough had the match, 6-1, 3-6, 9-7.



LOUISE BROUGH



Six years passed before Gibson was again in contention at Forest Hills. In 1956 she lost in the finals, but in 1957 she won Wimbledon and came home to a tickertape parade up Broadway. In September she was back in the finals at Forest Hills, and this time she won in a romp. Her victim was Louise Brough.



1976

One radical change after another assailed Forest Hills in the late 1960's and 1970's: the tournament was opened to professionals; colored shirts replaced traditional whites; the stadium grass was abandoned in favor of clay; lights were installed for night matches. Even the scoring was tampered with; the arrival of the tiebreaker game at 6-all diminished the importance of stamina even as it added excitement and drama.

The full theatrical possibilities of the tiebreaker may not have been appreciated until the 1976 men's finals between Jimmy Connors and Bjorn Borg. Tennis fans had been waiting for these two to meet since Borg captured Wimbledon two months earlier while Connors was losing to Roscoe Tanner. Connors was eager and edgy; he had lost in the finals of three Grand Slam events in 1975. The 20-year-old Borg was implacable as always.

Both players showed streaks of brilliance in the first two sets, interrupted by peculiar lapses. Connors stomped the net, Borg parried with topspin passing shots. The first set went to Connors at 6-4. Borg won the second 6-3.

Borg broke Connors in the first game of the third set, but Connors retaliated, breaking the Swede twice

JIMMY CONNORS



BJORN BORG



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to go ahead 4-2. Then, with a 40-love lead on his own serve, Connors sagged and made five successive errors, most of them on forehand approach shots. This allowed Borg back in it and set up the tie-breaker game.

Both seemed to raise their game for the 12-point shootout. Connors was going for winners on every possible shot. Borg was scoring with well-disguised topspin groundstrokes off both sides. Borg took a 4-2 lead in the tiebreaker. Connors squared it at 4-all. Borg went to 6-4 and set point when Connors missed a volley. Connors banged a backhand volley winner to save it. Set point again, and Connors blazed a forehand down the line.

Jimmy then served an ace to reach set point at 7-6. Straining to make every shot perfect, he hit a backhand long and it was 7-all. The crowd was screaming now in what *The New York Times* called a "continuous standing ovation." Both were playing as if it were the fifth set; the tiebreaker magnified the importance of every stroke.

Borg reached set point for the third time when Connors hit another forehand beyond the baseline. Connors slammed a perfect overhead for his third set-point winner. The next two points were an instant replay: Connors hit a forehand long; set point for Borg; Connors slugged an overhead to tie it up. At 9-all they changed sides for the third time in the game. Jimmy then grabbed the advantage with a breathtaking backhand crosscourt. Now it was set point for Connors a second time. He served well, moving in to the net with a deep approach. Borg hit a backhand wide. Connors had the set after the most dramatic single game either had ever played.

Borg and Connors seemed emotionally drained at the start of the fourth set. Each held serve easily to 2-all, when Connors seized the only break of the set.



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Connors went to 5-4 and 40-15 on his serve, but Borg pulled out two match points. Connors gained the ad again when Borg lobbed over the baseline. Jimmy attacked the net once more. Borg's try for a passing shot struck the tape and fell back. Connors was the winner, 6-4, 3-6, 7-6, 6-4, but it took him a full five seconds to realize it was over. Then they walked off the court together like punchdrunk fighters.

One of the characteristics of a great match, at least in this buff's opinion, is that both winner and loser are champions. So it was with Gonzales and Schroeder, Wills and Jacobs, Tilden and Lacoste, Brough and Gibson. So it was also with Connors and Borg—both had won the big ones, both rose to the moment. The potential for such a match exists in any gathering of champions—like this one. Let's hope we get lucky again this year.

by Donald Dale Jackson

Heart specialist



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SHULTON



"Apparently" is the key word here. While Harribance worked with the people at Durham for six years and had test results that seem remarkable, the findings were nonetheless scientifically inconclusive.

As a contribution to science, the Jefferson Downs experiment also had mixed results. The third race was a disaster. Harribance selected the No. 8 horse, Diamond Belle, and backed it heavily out of his winnings. Diamond Belle ran fifth all the way. The fourth race posed a more puzzling problem, possibly psychic in nature. Here Harribance picked My Friend Luba, a 35-to-1 shot, to show, and while that is exactly what Luba did, it developed that Harribance had not bet that way, buying instead a fistful of exacta tickets when he got to the windows. Two losing bets in a row.

The fifth race was a different sort of disaster. Harribance picked Fanny Jane, a recent winner at the Fair Grounds, to show. This time he didn't change his mind at the window. I know that he didn't, because I went with him. A friend of mine had asked me to put a bet for him on the strongest choice the psychic had, and Fanny Jane to show appeared to be the one. At Jefferson Downs there are no separate windows for place and show bets. Just before the windows closed Harribance put down \$60 on Fanny Jane to show. I did also, though I bet only \$30, and we hurried back.

It was almost a three-horse dead heat, a nose, a head and a neck, with Fanny Jane the show horse, just where Harribance had said he visualized her finishing. But he had not looked at his ticket, and the seller had inadvertently given him Fanny Jane to win. Harribance had lost again. He announced that he was almost broke, and Chris gave him the money he had given her. In the next race he put \$60 on Royal Sten to show, and the horse did finish third, although it paid only \$3. Nonetheless, by this time Harribance seemed markedly less confident. After the seventh race, in which he had Yes I Did to show—and Yes I Did finished fourth by 3½ lengths—he concluded that this must be one of his bad days.

"ESP works best under relaxed conditions," he said. "A racetrack has too much noise going on. And it is such a small time between races to get the information. You see, the public do not understand what ESP is. ESP is a hunch

It is a feeling. We all have ESP. Some people have more than some, like a talent for music. Everybody has a potential for music, but only a few are naturally gifted. All persons have ESP, but it doesn't mean they can go to the races and predict horses. ESP is a confident feeling, like, yes, yes. Guessing is like, I'm not sure. What I am doing is trying to realize when I am using ESP and when I am guessing."

The feature race was a seven-furlong, \$5,000 event for 4-year-olds and up. The favorite was American Balcony, which had won an earlier race at Jefferson Downs after doing moderately well at the Fair Grounds against stronger competition. But Harribance was taken by Seaside Flirt, a dark bay gelding making a first start at Jefferson Downs this year. His thoughts ran like this (the sad after the race): "I am sure. The horse wants to run. But I am weaker for this race. I lost my money. If I play the horse to win it won't win, it will come second."

But he said nothing before the race except that he was going to bet on Seaside Flirt. He came back with a single \$2 ticket on Seaside Flirt to win, which he gave to Chris, gesturing that this was the last of his money. Then he disappeared again moments before the windows closed.

By major track standards the Jefferson Downs feature that day might not have been much—the time was 1:24½ against a world record of 1:19½—but I never saw a more exciting race. Seaside Flirt took a long lead in the backstretch and held off American Balcony down the home stretch to win by a head. It was Harribance's big moment. He looked at the board, which showed Seaside Flirt paying \$6 to win, \$3 to place, \$3 to show, and displayed his last-minute purchase: four \$50 win tickets on Seaside Flirt.

He had not had a very good betting day, winning money on only three of the eight races, but he did end up even, and his supposedly psychic powers did rather well. His selections in the first two races were astonishingly accurate, and after the third race, in which he was simply wrong, he had picked three straight third-place finishes correctly, missed a fourth by a neck, and then had chosen a winner. His financial return was nil because of late changes of mind, a clerical error and his evident reluctance to bet on some of his own selections.

"I'm learning. I'm learning," Harribance said.

END

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GILTMAN LEFT THE BENCH TO ANNOUNCE FOR THE NETS

Once while driving through the Devonshire countryside, my wife and I turned on the car radio and were treated to a play-by-play description of a cricket match, followed by a live broadcast of a bird-watching expedition. We were simultaneously mystified and charmed—as an Englishman might be upon hearing Vin Scully explain the infield-fly rule from Dodger Stadium. Now, it is doubtful that Americans ever will hear Harry Caray or Don Meredith doing a remote on a search for rare warblers, but there is a British radio sports staple that has managed to reach these shores—tennis.

Listening to stroke-by-stroke coverage on the radio is ever so much easier on the neck muscles than watching from court-side. And it can be almost as exciting, too, especially during men's doubles when all four players are at the net exchanging rsi-a-tai-tai volleys and the announcer sounds a bit like Don Dunphy calling a boxing match on the old Giltman Cavalcade of Sports.

Max Robertson, famed as one of the fastest talkers on the BBC, has been broadcasting from Wimbledon for years, and now he has some U.S. counterparts covering World Team Tennis. Former UCLA basketball player Lynn Shackelford did 35 Los Angeles String matches this season. Cleveland Net substitute Bob Giltman exchanged the bench for the broadcast booth and called 22 of his team's matches, and tennis freaks in

the San Francisco-Oakland area could hear Jerry Lee and Bob Mansbach announce all 44 matches of the Golden Gate.

The Gaters not only had the most extensive coverage, but their matches—including the play-offs, from which they were eliminated last week—were also heard on 50,000-watt KNBR, the sports-minded powerhouse that broadcasts games of the basketball Warriors and the baseball A's. Because the Gaters signed with the station first, when there is a conflict between tennis

and baseball it is the A's who have to switch to KNBR's FM sister station. Ratings for the evening slot—shared by tennis, baseball and a sports talk show—are excellent, and the Gaters' controversial time was sold out.

With the help of various unpaid colormen, Mansbach, a 21-year-old University of California student, did the Gaters' matches last season on two small stations. This year he shared the mike with Lee, 32, a former announcer for small-town stations in Nebraska and northern California, who just a few months ago was working as a truck driver.

Lee was listening to KNBR one day when he heard an announcement for a Bill King sound-alike contest. (King is the voice of the Warriors and Oakland Raiders.) He locked himself in his garage with a six-pack of beer and a tape recorder and spent most of a day pretending to be King calling a basketball game. To his surprise, he made the finals of the contest.

"They had all five finalists come to KNBR and make tapes," says Lee. "So I drove my truck into San Francisco, which I wasn't supposed to do, and parked it illegally. They gave me a scribe, I read the whole thing and they taped it. As the engineer was playing it back, a man walked into the room and listened. At one point he mentioned to the engineer to turn up the volume."

The man was the station manager, who hired Lee to team up with Mansbach.

"Because I had done only the standard radio play-by-play sports like football and basketball, tennis was kind of frightening," says Lee. "We went to some matches, Stanford versus UCLA and USC, and we sat up in the press box with a tape recorder and practiced."

Meanwhile, down in L.A., Shackelford was practicing in front of his TV set for the Strings' first season on radio. He would turn down the sound and describe the action into his recorder. An experienced colormen on Laker broadcasts, Shackelford did well in his first stint as a play-by-play man. However, producer Bob Seizer was unable to persuade any major L.A. station to carry tennis, so the Strings were heard on KGIL, based in the San Fernando Valley.

All the WTT announcers agree that once the terminology and league's scoring system are mastered, the biggest problem is keeping up with the action. Often a winning shot is getting a big crowd reaction while the broadcaster is still a job and an overhead behind.

"The important thing is to make sure you get the winning shot," says Lee. "You have to develop the knack of jumping ahead, getting the point called and then coming back to fill in. If you're still calling it and the crowd is going crazy, right then the listener is going to say, 'Hey, I know he didn't do it right.'"

The broadcasts involve more than just backhands and forehands. KNBR offers tennis tips. KGIL has a mike on the Strings' bench and gets madgame comments from the likes of Val Ziegenfuss, and Cleveland's Giltman on WWWE gives the kind of insights only a team member could provide. One time the Gaters' Tom Okker was kicked off the court by the referee, went up to the radio booth and proceeded to sail paper airplanes at the official while doing color commentary.

As String fans found out recently, all of this does not mean that tennis will become a staple on radio. L.A. was leading Cleveland 24-18 in the final set when Shackelford had to sign off at 10 p.m. because of a program commitment by KGIL. Instead of Shack's calm voice describing cross-court winners, the tennis buffs out there in Radioland suddenly found themselves listening to a program in Cantonese.

END

SOMEHOW, SCOTCH BOTTLED ELSEWHERE ISN'T QUITE THE SAME.

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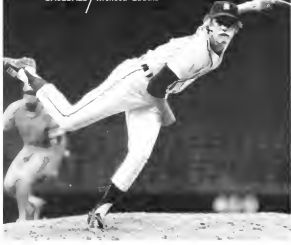
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Tiger rookie Dave Rozema presents a thorny problem to hitters: Though his pitches have been called garbage, he's enjoying the sweet smell of success

The Rose has bloomed

After Alex Grammas watched Tiger rookie Dave Rozema pitch a seven-hitter to defeat the Brewers 6-2 early this season, the Milwaukee manager said, "Rozema doesn't throw hard enough to break a pane of glass. I could go into a coma just waiting for his fastball to reach home plate."

Although Grammas somehow maintained consciousness during Rozema's two subsequent appearances against Milwaukee, his players were certainly knocked out. On each occasion, the 21-year-old righthander had a complete-game, five-hit win, and now Grammas has changed his tune. "I didn't say Rozema wasn't effective," he says. "It just proves that he can win without a fastball."

He certainly can. Despite his bent for beating the Brewers, Rozema (pronounced ROSE-muh) is really not choosy about which American League teams he defeats. His 14 wins at the end of last

week included victories over the seven strongest offensive clubs, and he was tied for fourth in the league in complete games (14) and ERA (2.84) and tied for third in wins. His record might have been even better had the Tigers managed to score more than a single run in any of his four losses.

Rozema's performance has not only made him the majors' best rookie pitcher, but it also may make him the American League's Rookie of the Year. His competition should come from Oakland's Mitchell Page, a .299-hitting outfielder who stole 26 bases before he was caught, a league record; from Baltimore's switch-hitting DH Eddie Murray, who has a .272 average and 18 home runs; and from Texas Second Baseman Bump Wills, who is batting .280.

The most surprising thing about Rozema is not his success but the way he has achieved it. His main pitch has been a changeup, a delivery that many of his

contemporaries have not begun to learn. By mixing it in with his not-so-fastball and an occasional slider and curve, Rozema ends up switching speeds as often as Niki Lauda shifts gears, and that has kept batters off stride. Tiger Catcher John Wockenfuss says, "He's really not as slow as everyone says he is, and that's what makes him so effective." That, and the pinpoint control (only 28 walks in 179 innings) that enables Rozema to keep his grab-bag assortment of pitches low. As a result, he has induced batters to ground into 15 double plays.

Rozema learned to throw a change-up two years ago from Detroit's roving minor league pitching instructor John Grodzicky. "He stood right near me made a big motion and appeared to throw the ball as hard as he could," says Rozema. "I ducked, but the ball still hit me. The surprise was that it just touched me lightly on my back." By late that afternoon Rozema had the same soft touch. With it he mystified minor league hitters for two seasons before the Tigers brought him to Detroit this April.

Within a month Rozema became the team's stopper, the only big winner on a staff that has labored for most of the season without 1976 Rookie of the Year Mark Fidrych. The Bird missed six weeks at the start of the schedule because of a torn knee ligament, made enough starts to run up a 6-4 record and is now sidelined with tendinitis in his right shoulder.

The Detroit press has treated the rise of the Rose as if it were the second flight of the Bird, which has made it difficult for Rozema to establish an identity of his own. He doesn't put the mound or talk to baseballs, and this lack of flamboyance has resulted in Rozema's drawing only 18,571 fans per start. Fidrych averaged 31,077 last season. Nevertheless, Rozema has been unable to escape the endless stream of comparisons, largely because his 14-4 record puts him slightly ahead of Fidrych's pace of '76, when he won 19 games.

Rozema's nickname is not quite as catchy as the Bird's. "But it's a pretty expensive one, because roses go for about \$1.25 apiece," Rozema says. When he returned to Detroit after pitching his first major league victory, a four-hit, 8-0 shut-out at Boston, friends and relatives from nearby Grand Rapids brought him 100 roses to pass out to teammates, fans and anybody who happened to walk by

Someone even handed one to Baltimore Manager Earl Weaver.

Weaver's Orioles were the last team to take the bloom off the Rose by beating him 2-1 on July 5. Since then, Rozema has pitched seven victories and roses have been blossoming everywhere he goes. Fans hand them to him from the stands, and for his 21st birthday early this month he received five dozen.

Rozema grew up not far from Gerald Ford's house in Grand Rapids, where his father worked in a refrigerator plant. Neither of his brothers nor his sister has ever left Grand Rapids, and Rozema decided against attending Eastern Michigan University, 130 miles away, after signing a letter of intent, because he was afraid he would be homesick. After Rozema graduated from high school in 1974, the San Francisco Giants drafted him, but he says, "They didn't enthrone me by selecting me in the 23rd round and offering me no money to sign."

Bob Sullivan, a Tiger scout and his summer-league coach, feared that Rozema might remain in Grand Rapids with his siblings, who devoted most of their time to riding motorcycles. So while Rozema was spending a semester at Grand Rapids Junior College, Sullivan persuaded Detroit to draft him. The Tigers picked Rozema in the fourth round of the January 1975 draft and gave him a \$2,500 bonus.

Then 18, Rozema came to his first spring training wearing shoulder-length hair, white spikes his mother had given him for Christmas and his brother's yellow glove. "That was the only glove I had," he says. "In winter ball, the fellows hid it. Then as soon as I bought a new one, the yellow glove reappeared." Even before that, he had coated his spikes with black dye—they turned out gray—and cut his hair.

Now Rozema is trimming everyone else. His only flaw, says Tiger Manager Ralph Houk, is a tendency to overthrow once he has a win in sight. "He starts trying to blow the ball by the hitters in the late innings," says Houk, who realizes the risk for a pitcher with so little velocity.

Of late Rozema may have licked even that fault. In the ninth inning of a recent game against the Twins, he led 4-2. A Minnesota runner was on first and Rod Carew was at the plate. Carew had one of the Twins' six hits. More significantly, baseball's best hitter had been unsuccessful in four other at bats, finding outs on

itches he later called "garbage." When Rozema reared back and slipped him a changeup, Carew hit a game-ending grounder to Tino Fuentes at second.

Rehashing the defeat, Minnesota Manager Gene Mauch called Rozema "lucky." "I wish all my players were still in high school," he said, "because when they were 18 years old they'd have hit the devil out of that pitching."

Last week Rozema again defeated the Twins, although this time he did need a bit of help. He got it when teammate Tim Lincecum hit a pinch home run in the eighth inning to break a 5-5 tie. Which is another example of why disrespectful opposing managers better change their views. It seems that even when Rozema is not as befuddling as usual he comes out smelling like a rose.

THE WEEK

(Aug. 14-20)
by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AL WEST All four contenders took turns in first place, with Kansas City winding up half a game ahead of Chicago and Texas and one game in front of Minnesota. The Royals (4-3) started off with three losses and fell to fourth, but then John Mayberry poked his 18th homer and Hal McRae broke a tie with an eighth-inning single as the Royals upended the Indians 5-3. Dennis Leonard, who was 4-8 on June 20, used his new slider to beat Cleveland 4-0 on a four-hitter that made him 13-10. Then came 9-3 and 5-2 wins over Boston. Three Royal home runs set the first game, and Doug Bird wrapped up the second with his sixth save, his fourth in nine days.

Like the Royals, the White Sox (1-4) dropped their first three outings. But Wilbur Wood's five-hit, 3-1 win in Milwaukee enabled Chicago to leap from third place to first. Wood, who has been having trouble with his knuckleball, began delivering the ball straight overhead, used more fastballs than usual and won for the first time in almost a month. Richie Zisk's 26th homer and Oscar Gamble's 25th provided all the runs Wood needed.

Texas (4-3) started off by outslugging Chicago 12-9 as Mike Hargrove homered for the fourth game in a row. After his streak ended, Hargrove homered again as Doyle Alexander (13-7) muffled Milwaukee 11-3. The Rangers beat Toronto twice, Jim Sundberg singling in the last of the 10th for a 6-5 verdict and Dock Ellis pitching a shutout the next day. Texas then lost twice to New York, despite the heroics of Hargrove and Gaylord Perry. Hargrove led off a game with a homer

for the fourth time in eight days, and Perry fanned three Yankees to increase his career total to 2,802 and bump Mickey Lolich out of fifth place on the all-time strikeout list. Bert Campaneris stole five bases, and Claudell Washington drove in 10 runs.

With lefty Rudy May pitching for Baltimore, left-handed swingers Rod Carew and Lyman Bostock, the No. 1 and No. 3 hitters in the league, were benched by Minnesota Manager Gene Mauch. No sweat, their fill-ins did pretty well. Craig Kusick homered twice and driving in five runs and Bob Gorniski getting a homer and two RBIs as the Twins (2-5) won 13-9.

Frank Tanana of the Angels (2-3) gave up 11 hits to the Blue Jays, but hung on for a 7-4 triumph, his 14th. Using an open-up delivery and new grips on all his pitches, Paul Hartzell beat Toronto 7-2. Said Hartzell of the changes made at the urging of Pitching Coach Marv Grissom, "Moving my lead foot slightly to the left takes a lot of strain off my shoulder, and the grips eliminate tipping my pitches." During Hartzell's win, Bobby Bonds hit his 30th homer to tie Jim Rice of Boston for the league lead.

Bringing up the rear were Seattle (2-5) and Oakland (1-4). "Anybody who can win seven games in a row for an expansion team is some kind of pitcher," said Mariner Manager Darrell Johnson after Glenn Abbott used his sinkerball to induce four double plays in a 3-2 defeat of Detroit. Two homers by rookie First Baseman Jerry Tabb helped Vida Blue and the A's knock off the Indians 7-3.

KC 88-81 CHI 87-81 TEX 68-52 MINN 68-54
CAL 56-60 SEA 50-78 OAK 44-75

AL EAST It's a gutsy feeling, the guys hollering for each other," said Mike Torrez of New York after beating Chicago 6-2 on six hits. "Everybody's jumping off the bench to shake hands. It's like a fire that spreads." With the Yanks (7-0) hollering for rather than at each other and with them shaking hands instead of fists, they moved into a virtual tie with the Orioles for second place, 1½ games behind the Red Sox. Torrez (14-10) also defeated Texas 8-1 on four hits for his sixth complete-game win in a row. During that stretch he has given up only 29 hits and has a 1.33 ERA. "I like to be the spark plug," said Mickey Rivers, who hit 353 and drove in 10 runs. "I like to ignite things." Rivers touched off a 15-3 victory over the Angels and a 7-5 win over the Tigers with leadoff home runs. Graig Nettles chipped in with his 27th and 28th homers. But the most dramatic blow was a two-run, bottom-of-the-ninth shot by Chris Chambliss that stunned Chicago 11-10. With Don Gullett disabled with a sore arm, Dick Tidrow started for the first time in more than a year and won twice. Three saves by Sparky Lyle gave him 19 for the season.

continued

Manager Earl Weaver of Baltimore (4-1) protested a game because of a moth After the moth flew into the ear of Minnesota's Butch Wynegar and the catcher was off the field for 12 minutes being treated, Weaver lodged his protest; he felt the game had been unduly delayed. When play resumed, the Drioles further bugged the Twins, winning 6-5 on Doug DeCinces' single in the 13th. Lee May had knotted the score at 5-5 with a homer in the seventh. It was the 20th home run for May, making him the 19th player to have hit that many in 10 consecutive seasons. Three one-run wins gave the Drioles 26 victories in 40 such games. Ross Grimsley (12-6) beat the A's 5-4 and the Twins 6-2. Mike Flanagan, who was 2-8 on June 23, squared his record at 9-9 by holding off Minnesota 3-2. Ken Singleton socked his 18th and 19th homers and batted .500, and Andres Mora walloped four home runs.

Boston (4-3) did not hit with its usual power. After crunching the Mariners 11-1, the Sox squeezed past the Royals 2-1 and 5-3 as Reliever Bill Campbell picked up his 20th save in the first game and his 12th win in the next. Jim Rice's 20th double made him the first Red Sox player since Ted Williams in 1939 to have 20 or more doubles, 10 or more triples and 30 or more homers.

Thirteen home runs popped up the Tigers (4-3). They beat the Twins 6-5 as Ben Digne homered twice and Tim Corcoran came as a pinch hitter. Ron LeFlore and Digne both hit their 15th home runs and Mike May has 10th as Detroit bombed Seattle 13-1, and Steve Kemp cleared the fence twice to polish off the Mariners 6-4. Aurelio Rodriguez also hit two homers as Mike Wilcox (5-0) beat Seattle 7-3. The longest ball of all was Jason Thompson's 23rd home run in a 5-4 loss to New York. Thompson's drive was only the 14th hit out of Tiger Stadium in 40 years, clearing the 94-foot-high third deck in night field.

Also hitting for distance was Andre Thornton of Cleveland (5-3), who homered and drove in six runs during a 12-4, 14-5 doubleheader sweep of Milwaukee. Thornton's fourth homer of the week and 23rd of the season came in the 12th inning and defeated Oakland 5-4. Two-time winner Al Fitzmorris has stopped sucking lollipops, does not like gum or tobacco and has resorted to a new "psyfier"—chewing on plastic coffee-stirrers.

Bill Travers of Milwaukee (3-5) was chewed up by the Indians, who pummeled him for 14 runs and 18 hits before he was relieved in the eighth. Travers was given a huge ovation by the Cleveland crowd when he was finally removed by Manager Alex Grimes, who explained that he was too short on pitchers to make the change sooner. Don Money hit three homers, one as rookie Larry Seimien downed Boston 5-3.

It seemed like a mismatch when Jerry Garvin of Toronto (3-4), who had lost 10 games in a row, faced Nolan Ryan of California.

But with relief help from Pete Vuckovich, the Blue Jays won 3-1. Vuckovich also saved a 6-3 win against the Royals and was a 5-4 victor over the Angels.

BOX 71-47 BALT 70-49 NY 71-50 DET 56-64
CLEV 55-66 MIL 54-72 TOR 42-77

NL EAST While Philadelphia (page 14) won six of seven, Pittsburgh tried to figure out how to win on the road. Chicago tried to avoid being Cubby-holed and St. Louis did some long-ball hitting for a change. The Pirates (3-3) won two of three home games behind John Cantelano (13-4), making them 46-16 in Pittsburgh. In Chicago, however, the Pirates lost two of three, leaving them 25-36 on the road. They were fortunate to topple the Cubs 7-6, scoring three times after Frank Taveras had apparently ended the fifth inning by striking out. Catcher George Mitterwald missed that third strike, allowing a run to score as Taveras scooted to first base. Moments later, Phil Garner cracked his 16th homer. Bill Robinson continued his solid hitting with four home runs, giving him 22 in all.

Although they fell seven games back, the Cubs (3-3) were encouraged by some strong pitching. Rick Reuschel (16-5) struck out 11 Pirates and won 4-2 with the help of Bobby Murcer's 22nd and 23rd home runs. Dave Giusti did not allow a run in seven innings of relief. He also earned his first save since coming to the Cubs.

The Cardinals (3-3), who are last in the majors in homers with 75, belted a pair in two straight games as they downed the Padres 12-4 and 7-1. Mike Tyson homered and had six RBIs in the first game. St. Louis also beat New York 2-0 on Bob Forsch's two-hitler.

Tony Perez hit the first three-run single of his 14-year career as Montreal (4-3) defeated Atlanta 7-2. Scoring all the way from first on that hit was Andre Dawson, who also turned on his speed during a 6-2 win in St. Louis when he stole second, went to third on an infield out and stole home. Gary Carter's 20th and 21st homers came during a 13-0 swamping of Philadelphia. The Expos slammed 15 doubles to increase their league-leading total to 221.

Three players picked up in the trade for Tom Seaver helped New York (2-5) beat St. Louis 5-1. Pat Zachry was the winner, and Doug Flynn and Steve Henderson contributed vital hits.

PHIL 75-45 PITT 71-52 CHC 68-62
STL 68-54 MONT 56-67 NY 49-72

NL WEST If we put any heat on the Dodgers, I'd be very surprised if they wouldn't back away." That was Manager Sparky Anderson's appraisal of his Reds' chances of catching division-leading Los Angeles. "When I get a pitch I can han-

dle, I try to be aggressive. I don't try to kill the ball. I just try to bruise it." Those were the words of George Foster, who bashed three balls over the wall to raise his home-run total to 41. With Foster becoming the first major-leaguer since 1973 to slam 40 homers in a season, with his teammates adding seven more four-baggers, with Joe Morgan stealing four bases, with Ken Griffey batting .435, with Fred Norman winning twice and with Pedro Borbon saving two games, Cincinnati (46-2) closed to within 9½ games of Los Angeles.

The Dodgers (3-3) hit a feeble .222. Shutouts by Doug Rau (1-0 over Atlanta) and Don Sutton (7-0 over San Francisco) prevented a fadeout. After his fourth loss in a row the week before, Sutton had gone into an auxiliary clubhouse at Dodger Stadium and wrecked "five lockers, two tables, two chairs and the housing for a fire extinguisher." It was the perfect therapy, because the

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

BILL BUCKNER: The Cub first baseman gave the Chicago offense a much-needed lift as he had 16 hits in 31 at bats, slugged three homers and drove in 11 runs, eight of them in 6-2 and 5-4 victories over Los Angeles.

next time out, Sutton gave up just one hit, an eighth-inning single by Giant Muec Hill. That was the fifth one-hitter of Sutton's career and gave him a share of the league record with Mordecai Brown, Grover Cleveland Alexander, Jim Muloney and Tom Seaver. Bob Feller has the big league record of 12.

Phil Niekro of Atlanta (2-5) became the 55th pitcher to hurl 3,000 or more strings. His 5-3 defeat of Montreal was his 17th complete game, tops in the league. In one game the Braves ended a string of 25 innings without scoring and in another fought back from a 6-0 deficit to overhaul the Astros 9-6.

Joe Niekro of Houston (3-3) won his fourth game in five decisions since becoming a starter, stopping San Diego 6-3. Then came two wins in Atlanta—15-3 and Art Howe hammered a grand slam and 4-1 behind Mark Lemonello (5-13).

For the fifth consecutive time, Ed Halicki of the Giants (3-4) beat the Dodgers in Los Angeles, throttling them 6-3. Halicki (11-9) also shackled Pittsburgh 5-1, making the Giants 5-1 against the Pirates.

"I would like for Buzzie [club president Buzzie Bavasi] to come to me someday and tell me I'm the best manager he ever had," said Alvin Dark, skipper of the Padres. Bavasi was not about to utter such praise last week as San Diego lost five of six. The victory was a 7-4 verdict in Cincinnati during which rookie Bill Almon drove in five runs.

LA 73-49 CIN 64-66 HOU 57-66
SF 56-68 SD 54-72 ATL 43-78

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They're bracing for Berlin

By making a splash at the AAU meet, youngsters like Tracy Caulkins give U.S. women new hope against East Germany

The four-day AAU long-course swimming championships were winding down, and Frank Keefe stood at poolside in Mission Viejo, Calif., wearing a troubled look. In front of him rose a hill emblazoned with marigolds arranged to spell MISSION VIEJO in large block letters, and beyond loomed the faint silhouette of the Saddleback Mountains. It was an inspirational setting for a swim meet, but Keefe remained strikingly unmoved. "This pool stinks," he said. "You need deep water to go fast and this is too shallow. I think the pool is awful."

It was apparent that esthetics were not foremost in Keefe's mind. Of more immediate concern was the challenge he faced as head coach of a U.S. all-star team that was being gleaned from the top performers at the AAU meet, a 36-member contingent scheduled to journey to East Germany and the Soviet Union for dual meets this weekend and next against the best swimmers of those two countries. East Germany is a superpower in world swimming. Russia is poised to become one, and what worried Keefe was a rash of uneven times in the Mission Viejo International Swim Complex' 50-meter pool. In a sport that thrives on world records, only one was set on the meet's final night by 15-year-old Alice Browne, a member of the hometown Mission Viejo Nadadores, whose 16:24.60 in the 1,500-

meter freestyle was nine seconds under Australian Jennifer Turrall's old mark. But much as the occasion excited the 3,500 spectators, the women's 1,500 happens to be a non-Olympic event swum only in the U.S., Australia and a couple of other countries.

For the otherwise disappointing times, Keefe was merely expressing the view that seemed to prevail at the meet. Swimmers do have rougher going in shallow water, which tends to be more turbulent, and the Mission Viejo pool, a mere four to five feet deep at most points, can indeed be considered shallow. But Keefe was also practicing a bit of psychology. Plainly, he hoped to convince his swimmers that they would fare better in Berlin and Leningrad.

Just as plainly, the swimmers were susceptible to such suggestions. Brian Goodell, for one, also operates out of Mission Viejo, a community 50 miles south of Los Angeles that prides itself on its Nadadores, the nation's No. 1 swim club. Goodell became a hometown hero when he won the 400 and 1,500 freestyle at the Montreal Olympics, and his performance at the AAUs, even more than Browne's world record, helped soothe the ruffled sensibilities of locals, who insisted that, well, their pool was not all that slow. Goodell won both the 400 and 1,500 and was runner-up in the 400-me-

ter individual medley. His 3:53.47 in the 400 free was the fastest time in the world this year, and Goodell blamed the cool night air, not the shallow water, for his failure to break the world record of 3:51.93. "I hope to do better in the dual meets," he said.

Another two Montreal gold medalists expressed similar sentiments upon winning. Ex-Indiana freestyler Jim Montgomery, the Olympic champion in the 100, managed only a third in that event last weekend, but won the 200 free in a swift 1:51.14. Then he said, "There will be bigger crowds and more pressure in Berlin. I'll swim better there."

The same theme was sounded by Stanford's Mike Bruner, who was second to Goodell in the 400 free and took the 200 butterfly in 1:59.49, a scant .26 over the world record he set in Montreal. "I'll get better with another week's rest," he said.

With Goodell, Montgomery and Bruner on hand, the U.S. men's team has some of the flavor of the team that competed in Montreal, where American men won 12 of 13 events. But quite a few Olympians have retired, and enough newcomers will be swimming in Berlin and Leningrad to inject a note of uncertainty.

A far more dramatic turnover was taking place in the ranks of the American women, who no longer had Shirley Babashoff to try to single-handedly fend off East Germany's all-conquering Wundermädchen. Everybody expected that Jill Sterkel and Jennifer Hooker, both strapping 16-year-olds, would take up some of the slack. Sterkel is a sprinter and Hooker a distance swimmer, and they combined to sweep all four freestyle events at the AAU short-course (25-yard) championships last spring. But both arrived at Mission Viejo with minor illness-

continued



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es and both made the U.S. team only on the last night. Sterkel as a fill-in in the 100 free—she placed fourth—and Hooker with a second to Browne in the 1,500.

Including Browne's world mark, nine American records were broken and, while some of these clockings are slow compared with the world records held by the East Germans, at least there were people around working to narrow the gap. One was Wendy Boghli, who won the bronze medal in the 100 butterfly at Montreal and was a member of the 400-meter freestyle relay that upset the East Germans, the only gold medal the U.S. women won at the Games. Boghli had retired for a time, but unretired to qualify for the U.S. team in three events. Her most impressive swim was in the 100 butterfly, in which she lowered her American record to 1:01.16, barely a second over the world record held by the retired East German star, Kornelia Ender.

Boghli was joined on the women's team by a couple of fresh-faced water sprites. One was Nancy Hogstead, a 15-

year-old from Jacksonville, Fla., who won the 200 butterfly in an American-record 2:11.83, just .61 off the world mark. Another was Tracy Caulkins, a gangly 14-year-old schoolgirl from Nashville. Caulkins set American records in winning the 200 and 400 individual medleys (2:19.31 and 4:48.93), then set another American record (1:13.05) while placing second in the 100 breaststroke behind Canada's Robin Consiglia. She qualified for the dual-meet team in four events. Caulkins has freckles on her nose and braces on her teeth but the most obvious thing about her in Mission Viejo was her tough-mindedness. "I should have gone a lot faster here," she said, sounding tantalizingly like the Brian Goodells and Mike Bruners of the world. "I'll just have to do it at the dual meets."

For all these brave remarks, there remained the fact that the dual-meet opponents also were obviously steeling themselves. While the Americans were swimming in Mission Viejo, the European championships were going on in

Jönköping, Sweden, and the results were generally good—and occasionally very good. The Soviet men, stronger than expected at Montreal, continued to improve, while the East German women were still formidable. Despite the retirement of the wondrous Ender, GDR women won 10 of the 12 individual events and broke two world records—Ulrike Tauber improving her time in the 200 IM, and Petra Thümer breaking her record in the 400 freestyle.

Meanwhile, poor Frank Keefe could only speculate about how seriously the East Germans took the meet in Sweden—and what surprises they might spring when the Americans troop into Berlin's Karl Friedrich Friesen Stadium pool. He is equally in the dark about the Russians. "We just don't know how good these countries really are," he said. Which wouldn't be so bothersome except for one thing. What with all the wait-till-Europe cries coming out of Mission Viejo last week, Keefe did not know how good the Americans really were, either. **END**

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If at first you don't succeed

Well, Debbie Austin tried and tried again, but for nine seasons nothing happened. Now she has five victories

Golf is one of those disconcerting games where an inch is the difference between glory and despair, a sport where you scrimmage with the elements and luck and, worst of all, your mind. For Debbie Austin, a shrill, nagging voice kept saying she couldn't win. Now it whispers yes, she can.

Last Sunday, for the fifth time this season, Debbie Austin did what she once thought she could never do—win a tournament. For nine years she had failed. But her one-stroke victory in the \$50,000 Wheeling Classic was her third in the

last four weeks. She is off those mean streets forever.

Even though she had been among the top 20 money-winners each year since 1973, a few months ago Austin was ready to quit. She had traveled a lot of miles to earn a decent wage and was exasperated by her failure to finish first. Going into this season, her main claim to immortality was that she was the leading career money-winner among players without a victory, with \$154,702; just someone to beat. "It's more fun now," she says, laughing.

The competitive urge can keep athletes going for a long while, but Austin's persistence began to flag after she finished a doleful 51st at the Colgate-Dinah Shore tournament in Palm Springs last April. Her driver might have had a skull and crossbones pointed on it. She had two shots: a whistling duck hook and a slice that looked the way a mountaintop yodel sounds. Her nerves were shot; she had hives. In desperation she got in touch with Sherry Wilder, an old friend and former LPGA competitor who is now head professional at Palm Desert's Shadow Mountain Golf Club.

In six years on the tour, Wilder had never won a tournament either, but her patience did not match Austin's. "I had to quit," she says. "I never could make it on Sunday, the money day. It's absolutely frustrating, the depression and the ebbing of self-confidence because you can't win against people you beat in practice." But Wilder proved to be an excellent teacher.

The two went to the practice tee, worked 12 hours a day in temperatures up to 112° and did not stop for 10 days. The lessons began with fundamentals. Wilder recalls that Austin did not even know where to tee up on a hole to avoid the hazards. And they discussed mental attitude.

When Austin left Palm Desert, her spirit was renewed and her game renovated. Two tournaments later she tied for third. The following week she won the \$60,000 Birmingham Classic and was on her way. She shot a 70 to win that tournament, establishing a pattern of fine closing rounds. She had a 67 to take the Hooster Classic, a 69 at Pocono, a 71 at the Long Island Charity Classic and a 70 last weekend at the Speidel course in Wheeling's Oglebay Park. She has lost the fear she shared with Wilder of

Sundays, and her season's earnings are \$72,644, sixth on the LPGA list.

Austin went into last Sunday with a two-stroke lead after rounds of 67-72-139. Coincidentally, three of her five closest challengers—Laura Baugh, at 141; Kathy Farrer, at 142; and Joyce Kazmierski, who was tied at 143 with U.S. Open champion Hollis Stacy and Jan Stephenson—never have won pro tournaments. Equally odd was the fact that Farrer, Kazmierski and Austin joined the tour the same year, 1968.

Baugh is another budding talent that never seems to bloom. "I've got a tough competitor on my hands tomorrow in Laura," Austin said Saturday evening after birdieing the 450-yard par-5 18th hole. "She's in sort of the same position I was in. If I can't win, I'd like her to, but I'm not going to break a leg either."

On Sunday, the only thing she broke was a lot of hearts. Baugh shot a 72 to end up in third place, but Farrer had 78 and Kazmierski stumbled to an 80. Austin led the entire day but bogeyed the 16th and 17th holes and came to the 18th tied with Hollis Stacy at six under par. She drove in the fairway, knocked a two-iron second shot onto the green and two-putted from 35 feet for a birdie and the victory. It used to be so difficult. Now it sounds so easy, but no one ever has figured out what it is that transforms an also-ran into a champion.

It took Sandra Palmer eight years to win a tournament. Judy Rankin needed seven. Kathy Whitworth and Carol Mann were on the tour four years before they made their first acceptance speeches. Sharon Moran has played since 1967 and has yet to finish higher than fourth. And Beth Stone, despite twice being second in the U.S. Open, has never won in almost 17 seasons.

"Breaks are so important in this game," says Austin, about her turnaround. "And lately I've been getting them. I've made a few putts I never thought I'd make." And more important, the spooks have been exorcised from her golf bag. Since working with Wilder, she has not hit a ball out of bounds, where once the neighboring crows were in danger. In previous years, Debbie figures she had chances to win 10 tournaments, but usually the only times she saw her picture in the papers were when she posed with her dogs, Teddy and Putter. She had a set of excuses that fit her like tailored



clothes. At 5'4" and 140 pounds, she tired at the end of tournaments. Her putting was bad, as was her luck. Last year in Plymouth, Ind., she came down to the final holes tied with JoAnne Carner. A succession of putts hit the cup and danced away. At the 18th, Austin parred while Carner came out of the woods to make a miracle birdie and win by a stroke.

Austin became adept at hiding behind a big smile, accepting condolences and being gracious about congratulating her friends. Her roommate for the last seven years, Sue Roberts, won four times. Now Roberts is in a slump.

The two superstitious players act out a strange charade now that Austin is winning. It began in Birmingham, where Roberts did not play and so missed her friend's victory. The next time Austin won, Roberts had left the course early. The third time, Roberts stayed out of sight, although she stuck a congratulatory note in Austin's purse in the locker room, predicting the victory. Two weeks ago on Long Island, Roberts dutifully fled after she completed her round, and Austin promptly birdied the next hole and went on to win by two. On Sunday at Wheeling, Roberts again was under strict instructions to disappear.

Austin long has had a fascination for numbers. When she contemplated quitting the tour, she considered going back to school to become an accountant. Now she charts each round, stroke by stroke. Afterward, she studies the figures and consults Wilder by telephone if they show something is wrong with her game. Her confidence has soared and she is swinging so freely that her tee shots are going 10 to 30 yards farther, and much straighter.

Only a handful of players ever have won five tournaments in a season. Austin is not certain she deserves to be in their company. "I'm still hesitant to think that I belong up there with the Whitworths and the Rankins," she says.

Wilder shakes her head at such talk. "Debbie is such a nice person that it may have held her back," she says. "With her ability, there's no end to what the kid can do. I say 'kid,' but she's 29. Still, she probably has 12 good years left."

Twelve good years after nine lukewarm ones. That is better than an even trade. But best of all, the inner voice is not nagging anymore.

END

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JOHN STEINHLBER

by jonathan yardley

Behind the chronicles of Jack Keefe, a brash and semilliterate rookie pitcher, loomed Ring Lardner, a literary giant and fervent baseball fan



**EVERYBODY
KNEW ME AL**

CONTINUED

lardner

continued

it is an August afternoon in 1910, and the correspondent of *The Chicago Tribune* is sitting in the press box at Comiskey Park. The stadium, a grand construction of steel and concrete, has been open for only two months, and the smell of newness is still in the air. Below the correspondent, on the green field defined as a diamond by brief swatches of brown and sharp lines of white, the game of baseball proceeds at a swift yet stately pace. The sun slowly falls as the afternoon advances, and the shadows steadily lengthen. There is no score and the innings march past.

The correspondent watches intently. He is, as the young woman he will marry a year from now describes him, "a very large, handsome young man who holds his head very high in the air and looks at the world with very amused and twinkling eyes." He dresses rather stately, in the fashion of the day, dark suit, dark knit tie, high starched collar, dark-banded straw boater, the darkness relieved only by the bright stripes of his shirt. As he watches the game, he keeps meticulous score in a small neat script. In the ceaseless chatter of the press box he is an oasis of silence, he delights in the noise around him but only occasionally contributes to it, and then in a low, deliberate voice one must strain to hear through the din.

He is only 25 years old, but he is as much a professional in his craft as the players below him are in theirs. So when at last the shadows cover the field and the umpires end the contest—"Game called on account of darkness"—he turns with dispatch to the typewriter before him and begins to write. He types with two fingers, the keys clacking in staccato bursts punctuated by occasional pauses. The words he writes describe vividly and lovingly what he has seen:

"Sixteen innings, 0 to 0. That was the

way the last game of the series between the Sox and Athletics wound up. People who left the park at the finish, four minutes before 7 o'clock, did not regret the loss of supper half as much as they would have regretted missing that ball game.

"Perhaps it was not the best ever played, but don't try to tell anyone who saw it that there have been many better. The book says there was just one longer runless contest in the big leagues and that was the one between Washington and Detroit in July last year. That one lasted eighteen rounds. Most of us missed that one, so we must be content to talk about yesterday's in the years to come."

For more than five years—from March 1908 to June 1913—Ring Lardner reported the daily events of major league baseball. For many more years than that, baseball was at or near the core of his existence. As a boy in Niles, Mich., he played the game with his friends, cheered the local heroes in their contests against neighboring towns and counted down the

days to the baseball excursions he would make once or twice a year with his father and his brother to Chicago, 90 miles to the west. As a cub reporter in South Bend, Ind., he heightened his understanding of the game by covering the Central League, a minor league in which many outstanding players of the day refined their skills to major league levels. Though he stopped covering baseball regularly in the summer of 1913, it was one of the subjects most frequently discussed in "In the Wake of the News," the daily column he wrote for *The Chicago Tribune* from then until 1919, and he covered the World Series almost every year until the mid-'20s. His first fiction, published in 1914, had a baseball setting, and he was a national celebrity by the time those baseball stories were collected in a book under the title *You Know Me Al*. Eventually he wearied of what he felt was the stupidity of so many of the game's fans, and after the integrity of baseball was undermined by the Black Sox Scandal of 1919 he turned, in disgust and sor-

Real life heroes like Rube Marquard formed the supporting cast



row, to other subjects. Yet he never lost his love for the game as he had once known it, and in the last years of his life he remembered it with deep nostalgic longing.

Lardner was, however, much more than a successful baseball "scribe." He was one of the most respected writers of the '20s, widely discussed and widely imitated. His short stories—among them such non-baseball classics as "Hair Cut," "Some Like Them Cold" and "The Golden Honeymoon"—were read by millions, scrutinized and praised by critics, honored and anthologized. In the middle of the decade, his annual income from his writing was the equivalent of \$500,000 today. For a time, at least, his name was invariably listed alongside those of other "important" writers of the period: Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemingway, John Dos Passos, Thomas Wolfe, Sherwood Anderson. But it was always listed with a reservation, with, in baseball's statistical language, an asterisk. And that asterisk was baseball itself. Fitzgerald, who was

his devoted friend, summarized the problem in a tribute written shortly after Lardner's death in September 1933:

"The point of these paragraphs is that, whatever Ring's achievement was, it fell short of the achievement he was capable of, and this because of a cynical attitude toward his work. How far back did that attitude go?—back to his youth in a Michigan village? Certainly back to his days with the Cubs. During those years, when most men of promise achieve an adult education, if only in the school of war, Ring moved in the company of a few dozen illiterates playing a boy's game. A boy's game, with no more possibilities in it than a boy could master, a game bounded by walls which kept out novelty or danger, change or adventure. This material, the observation of it under such circumstances, was the text of Ring's schooling during the most formative period of the mind. A writer can spin on about his adventures after thirty, after forty, after fifty, but the criteria by which these adventures are weighed and valued are irrevocably settled at the age of twenty-five. However deeply Ring might cut into it, his cake had exactly the diameter of Frank Chance's diamond."

Fitzgerald's words were both kind and unkind, accurate and inaccurate, selfless and self-serving. He insisted on judging Lardner by the standards he had set for himself, and as a consequence he was blind to Lardner's ultimate accomplishments. Though Fitzgerald was a person of great kindness, he was not wholly untouched by the jealousies that ran so deep and thick through his literary circle, and there is more than a trace of competitiveness in his words. Yet they can be neither slighted nor ignored, because they point the way to an understanding of Lardner's life and work. Baseball was where Ring Lardner began, and to comprehend him one must look to baseball in the first two decades of the 20th century.

It was, to begin with, still a very young game. It had been "founded"—to the extent that its origins can be confirmed—less than half a century before Lardner encountered it. Professional baseball did not begin until 1869, when the Cincinnati Red Stockings were put together by Harry Wright. The National Association of Professional Baseball Players, which

became the National League in 1876, was formed two years later, and it had the field pretty much to itself until the American League came along in 1901. After two years of expensive and generally fruitless competition, the leagues united in 1903 and played the first World Series that fall. So when Lardner headed South for his first spring training in 1908, what is called baseball's modern era was only a few years old.

The players with whom he traveled for the next five seasons were generally coarse, illiterate, or nearly so, and incredibly naïve. Doubtless the preponderance of hayseeds has been exaggerated, but essentially it was a country boys' game. They happened to have a talent for hitting a ball with a bat or throwing a curve, and in many cases it was the only talent they had. A few collegians gave a veneer of social respectability to their ranks, but they were exceptions to the rule. A great deal of heavy drinking went on, much of it no doubt induced by the boredom of life on the road and the eagerness of fans to play their heroes with hard liquor. Furthermore, as baseball historian Harold Seymour has pointed out, difficulties politely known as "social diseases" were an occasional problem; if the press said a player had "malaria" or "rheumatism," it might well be syphilis or gonorrhea.

There is much evidence in Lardner's letters and published writings, however, to suggest that many of the players were as innocent as he was in play and love. A lot of them were stagestruck, as he was, and in the off-season they tried to score in vaudeville as hoofers, comics, actors and singers. Singing, in fact, seems to have been as popular with traveling ballplayers as poker playing. Almost every club had at least one barbershop quartet, and the passion of some players for harmonizing was extraordinary.

Romance was another popular form of recreation. During the first 3½ seasons he was on the road, Lardner conducted a courtship by correspondence as noteworthy for its innocence as for its ardor, as did many of the "hard-boiled" ballplayers. Much of their time was spent hanging around hotel lobbies waiting for mail call and the arrival—so they devoutly prayed—of their loved ones' latest missives. Some of the game's more celebrated players were thus afflicted, as Lardner told his fiancée Ellis Abbott:

continued

in stories about Keefe, Lardner's fictional pitcher



"Speaking of letters, I have a new job. I don't know what to call it. It consists of standing perfectly still and listening while one or the other of two ballplayers reads me his latest letter from his girls—from one of his girls, rather. It seems these two—who are Mordecai Brown and Frank Schulte—must confide in some one. The only reason I know of that I am the victim is that they can trust me to keep still. We all came into the hotel together tonight and there was mail for everybody. I took my letter from you and started for my room when Mr. Brown stopped me. He said he wanted to talk to me a while and I told him I had a letter to read. He said: 'You read yours and I'll read mine and then we'll swap.' I didn't want to make it look like a one-sided deal, so I told him mine was from my sister and wouldn't interest him. So I had to read his and, as soon as I was through, Schulte gave me a sign that he wanted to see me and there was another one to read. And all the time they were detaining me. I wanted to get away and read your letter again."

Those players who had successfully completed their courtships had other preoccupations.

"You ought to hear the athletes discuss the relative merits of their babies," Lardner wrote. "There was an argument in my room last night that was the funniest I ever heard. Mr. [Arnie] Hofman's Mary Jane has two teeth, and two others just breaking through. She weighs twenty-five pounds. Mr. [Ed] Reulbach's Edward has four whole teeth and weighs twenty-six. But Mary Jane can pound her fist on the arms of a chair and laugh at the noise. Yes, but Edward is a boy. Whereupon I told them that my four months old nephew—there isn't any such—could dive from a tower ninety feet high into a dishpan full of salt water without making a splash. I wanted to get them out of the room so I could go to sleep. One of them left a five o'clock call for my room by way of revenge. Whenever they start their debates in Schulte's presence, he quiets them by saying, 'Want till you hear what my dog can do.'"

The Chicago Cubs and the Chicago White Sox, worrying over mail call and Mary Jane's teeth, were authentic American heroes, although most were not heroes of the first stripe. That distinction belonged to the giants of the game, men

whose names are now enshrined in American legend. These were men Lardner watched from the press box, chatted with in the clubhouse, drank with in saloons. There were the great managers Connie Mack, born Cornelius McGillicuddy, of the Athletics; Clark Griffith of the Senators, John McGraw of the Giants. There were the pitchers Christy Mathewson, Walter Johnson, Cy Young, Grover Cleveland Alexander, Doc White, Three-Fingered Brown, Rube Marquard and Big Ed Walsh of the White Sox, whom Lardner called "the most willing, tireless and self-confident hurler that ever struck terror to the hearts of his opponents." There were the hitters: Ty Cobb, Honus Wagner, Napoleon Lajoie, Home Run Baker, Tris Speaker, Eddie Collins, Sam Crawford. There were the clowns and eccentrics: Rube Waddell, Germany Schaefer, Ping Bodie.

Young Lardner—he was only 23 when he began to cover the White Sox in 1908—moved among these heroic figures with seeming ease, but his youth showed. A fellow journalist, Hugh Fullerton, described how he was then:

"What a season for a young and vitally interested kid to break into the business! And Ring Lardner, despite his pretense of indifference and sophistication, was just a green country boy trying to pretend. An odd sort of youth he was then. Although he pretended to be hard-boiled and indifferent to criticism, he was one of the most sensitive fellows I have ever met, and sometimes his feelings remained hurt for weeks at a time."

The ballplayers seem to have sensed this in him, too, for though his reticence puzzled them, they liked him greatly and were far more relaxed around him than they were around most reporters, they called him Lard, or, this being a time when men often nicknamed each other in honor of their hometowns, "Niles." Reulbach, the former Notre Dame pitcher who was a Cub star in 1909, described Ring in a letter to Donald Elder, Lardner's first biographer:

"We often tried to make Ring break into a full laugh, but all we developed was a faint smile. Sometimes he would sit at the window of the train and stare out for a long time, if you sat down beside him he would greet you but never say another word, unless you forced him to answer a question.

"Ring was a kindly fellow, modest, intelligent on the fine points of the game, always careful about writing something that might hurt the feelings of a player, and we responded by tipping him off to some inside deal and he was always appreciative.

"We were all fond of Ring, but we were all at a loss as to why he never laughed. . . . If he had any faults, we liked him too much to notice them, he was one of us."

This silence of Lardner's was a mystery, doubly so because he was not shy or silent as a child. Its sources can be guessed at, but only that. He was shy and—at least in part because of an aristocratic background (the Lardners were an old and wealthy family)—aloof. In that first summer of 1908, pure insecurity may have had something to do with it, for years his "real and only ambition was to associate with big league ballplayers," and now he was doing that. So in some degree he may simply have been awed into silence. Yet dime-store psychologizing of this sort is far less fruitful than what appears to be the simple truth: he was laconic, a natural listener rather than a talker.

That quality, combined with his innate decency, served both a White Sox player and himself that summer. Lardner never revealed the player's name (and in fact the mystery has been unsuccessfully puzzled over by countless amateur sleuths) but gave him the alias of Jack Gibbs, disguising him as a "regular infielder" who "had been graduated from college—cum laude—at the age of four, and everybody on the club knew that he could neither read nor write." Gibbs attempted to disguise this deficiency, but it showed in countless ways, he would peruse a menu, for example, and "after a long and careful study, order steak and baked potato, or ham and eggs, or both." Lardner, sensing both Gibbs' embarrassment and his boredom with such limited cuisine, began mumbling menus out loud as he looked them over, and soon Gibbs was making a point of sitting next to him at meals.

Gibbs took the relationship one step further when he heard Lardner typing and asked if, as "a kind of a joke," Ring would type up a reply to a letter Gibbs had received from his wife Myrtle. He wheedled Lardner into reading Myrt's

continued



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letter out loud. It said, in effect, Ring recalled, "How can you expect me to meet you in Chicago unless you send me some money? I don't intend to make the trip out there on a freight and I don't want to get my feet all blisters walking." Lardner asked Gibbs what he wanted to tell Myrt, and he replied:

"Well, I guess you better tell her where we are first. Na. Start out this way: 'Dear Myrt.' And then tell her she knows damn well I don't get no pay till the last of April, and nothing then because I already drew ahead. Tell her to borrow off Edith von Driska, and she can pay her back the first of May. Tell her I never felt better in my life and looks like I will have a great year if they's nothing to worry me like worrying about money. Tell her the weather's been great, just like summer, only them two days it rained in Birmingham. It rained a couple days in Montgomery and a week in New Orleans. My old souper feels great. Detroit is the club we got to beat—them and Cleveland and St. Louis, and maybe the New York club. Oh, you know what to tell her. You know what they like to hear."

Lardner may not have known what the ballplayers' girls and wives liked to hear, but he certainly knew what the ballplayers liked to say, and how they said it. In recounting the story about a quarter of a century later, Lardner may or may not have embellished it (how, for example, did Myrtle Gibbs learn from her illiterate husband that he wanted her to meet him in Chicago?) but the essential point is absolutely accurate: that Lardner found, on that first trip with the White Sox, a ballplayer who would help him shape the character and language of Jack Keefe, the narrator of *You Know Me Al*.

Almost six years would pass, however, before Jack Keefe emerged, and precisely how he did so has been the subject of varying accounts. Virtually all agree that the Sunday editor of the *Tribune* offered Lardner \$50 for a baseball story, to be printed in the feature section. Lardner gave him one, told in the form of letters from Keefe to his friend Al; the language was in the vernacular and the spelling was that of a semiliterate. The editor decided he could not accept the story for his section, but Lardner clearly felt he had hit on something, for he sent it off to George Horace Lor-



One of the most celebrated figures of Lardner's (and Keefe's) day was Giant Manager John McGraw.

imer, editor of *The Saturday Evening Post*. What happened next is where the accounts differ: some have the story coming back from the *Post* with astonishing rapidity, some ascribe a large role to a sportswriter and friend of Lardner's named Charles Van Loan, some suggest that Lardner's carefully unilliterate prose was at first gussied up by a fastidious *Post* editor. One account, written in 1926 by the prominent book reviewer Burton Rascoe, was so riddled with inaccuracies that Lardner wrote to him in exasperation to correct them:

"The first 'busher' story was never sent back by *The Post*; it was accepted promptly by Mr. Lorimer himself. I didn't show it to Hugh Fullerton or Charlie Van Loan first; I sent it to Mr. Lorimer at *The Post's* office, not to

his residence; I didn't write "Personal" on the envelope in even one place; I didn't write any preliminary, special delivery, warning letter to Mr. Lorimer; no sub-editor ever asked me to correct the spelling and grammar, and I never sent any sub-editor or anyone else a bundle of letters I had received from ballplayers. Otherwise—"

The story was "A Busher's Letters Home," the first of the six that would be collected in 1916 as *You Know Me Al*. It appeared in the *Post's* issue dated March 7, 1914. The *Post* must have been inundated with favorable letters from readers, for Lorimer was quick to ask Lardner for more Jack Keefe stories and to begin a process that would gradually increase his fee per story from \$250 to \$1,500. The mail at the little

house that Ring and Ellis, who had married in 1911, had recently built in the Chicago suburb of Riverside increased, too. John N. Wheeler, a newsman who had gotten in on the ground floor of the syndication business, wrote in April to inquire if Lardner would be interested in doing a "series of humorous articles to be run once a week, for syndication purposes," with Lardner getting 50% of the net profits. Lardner must have said no, for nothing came of the offer. (But he did not forget Wheeler; it was to him that he turned when he decided to leave *The Chicago Tribune* in 1919 and free-lance.) Franklin P. Adams, the New York columnist, asked Lardner if he would be interested in taking a journalistic position in that city. Lardner's reply was revealing:

"... it's tough and the prospect of it that would tempt me to tackle the New York game. I think a gent in this business would be foolish not to go to New York if he had a good chance. From all I can learn, that's where the real money is. ... I could be torn away from here—and Riverside—for \$8,000, and that's probably more than I'm worth. But you see how things are. It's not that I'm swelled on myself as much as some of our well-known diamond heroes, but that I'd have to get something like that to make the change pay."

In May, George H. Doran of Doran and Company made "immediate application for the book publishing rights" to Lardner's stories. Ray Long of *Redbook* magazine wrote to solicit stories; Cameron MacKenzie, vice-president of *McClure's*, offered 7½¢ a word for stories, with an increase to 10¢ "if these prove a success"; C. B. DeCamp of *Metropolitan* was interested. Lardner, who according to Ellis was in good health "except for a slight attack of swell head," accepted just about every offer that came along. It was a wise course to follow, for the unknown writer who turns down assignments is not likely to be offered them again, but it was an exhausting course as well. Ellis told her family that Ring was "working his head off." By the end of 1914 he had published 10 stories—an extraordinary achievement for a young writer who had come, with astonishing swiftness, almost totally out of the blue.

Ultimately, the saga of Jack Keefe encompassed three books and a large

handful of uncollected stories, but *You Know Me Al* is unquestionably the best of the lot, written as it was when Lardner's enthusiasm for his subject was at its peak. (*Treat 'Em Rough* is trivial, of interest now only to Lardner scholars, and not of much interest to them. *The Real Dope*, written during World War I, contains enough good moments to compensate for its overall flatness. Of the loose stories, the two best—"Call for Mr. Keefe!" and "Along Came Ruth"—are now available in a 1976 collection, *Some Champions*.)

You Know Me Al is not a novel, but it comes close to having the form of one. In the letters Jack Keefe writes to "Friend Al" back home in Bedford, Ind., Lardner tells the loosely structured tale of an extremely brash rookie who joins the White Sox, fails in his initial test, is sent to the minors, returns and pitches well, marnes a gold-digging shrew and ends the season as a reasonably well-established big league performer. It was, at the time of its publication, the first book to treat baseball and the men who played it as the subjects of literate fiction, but ever since it has suffered under the handicap of being dismissed, or condescended to, as a "baseball novel." It is indeed that, but it is also much more: Jack Keefe is one of the great "originals" in American fiction, and the language in which he writes his friend is an expression of the vernacular that has had a lasting effect on the way American writers describe American talk.

Jack Keefe may be a bit larger than life, but not much. From his very first appearance, his character was firmly set; Lardner allowed no significant deviations from it. Jack is talented, pigheaded, cocky, glib, selfish, sentimental, naive, stubborn and self-deceiving. He is a fountain of alibis, mangled axioms and witless repartee. He is a terrible tightwad, but at the bargaining table White Sox owner Charles Comiskey routinely takes him to the cleaners. He fancies himself a great lover, and in the course of his rookie season manages to propose to three equally horrible women, finally landing the dreadful Florrie. He has a great natural talent but—and here we have what Lardner hated most—he abuses it; he allows himself to get "hog fat" and he makes no effort to learn the refinements and subtleties of the

pitcher's trade; as Christy Mathewson supposedly tells him when Jack complains of having a sore arm, "I wish I had a sore arm like yours and a little sense with it."

Jack is often confused by readers with another famous Lardner character, Alibi like, the confusion is pardonable, for Jack too is no slouch when it comes to handing out excuses. In an early test with the White Sox, he gives up only one hit in three innings, "and that was a ground ball that the recruit shortstop Johnson ought to of ate up." When Ty Cobb challenges him with a bunt, "I would of threw him out a block but I stubbed my toe in a rough place and fell down." In the City Series against the Cubs, "That lucky stiff Zimmerman was the only guy that got a real hot off of me and he muss of shut his eyes and throwed his bat because the ball he hit was a foot over his head." Finally, in August of his second season, he sums it all up:

"This should ought to of give me a record of 16 wins and 0 defeats because the only games I lost was throwed away behind me but instead of that my record is 10 games win and 6 defeats and that don't include the games I finished up and helped the other boys win which is about 6 more altogether but what do I care about my record Al? because I am not the kind of man that is always thinking about there record and playing for there record while I am satisfied if I give the club the best I got and if I win all O.K. And if I lose who's fault is it Not mine Al."

Jack fancies himself a man of wit and savvy, with the consequence that he is the classic American rube in whose hands a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. He has a cliché ready for every occasion, and he invariably gets it wrong. Florrie, he tells Al, "maybe ain't as pretty as Violet and Hazel but as they say beauty isn't only so deep." Later he wishes he had never seen the woman, but "it is too late now to cry in the sour milk." In *The Real Dope* he reports that asking Florrie for favors "is like rolling off a duck's back you might say and its first in one ear and then the other," and he warns his fellow soldiers who have put over a practical joke on him that "they's plenty of time for the laugh to be on the other foot before this war is over."

continued

lardner

continued

Similarly, Jack regards himself as a lively fellow in any debate, and he reports his devastating squelches to Al with obvious pride. "And then he says I wish we had of sent you to Milwaukee and I come back at him I say I wish you had of." On another occasion, he hits it out with Cobb:

"... Cobb came prancing up like he always does and yells Give me that slow one Boy. So I says All right But I fooled him. Instead of giving him a slow one like I said I was going I handed him a splitter. He hit it all right but it was a line drive right in Chase's hands. He says Pretty lucky Boy but I will get you next time I come right back at him I says Yes you will."

Much of the commotion and excitement that the bushier stories provoked when they first appeared was because of the language Lardner used. It was immediately recognized as an authentic American voice, a faithful rendition of the way a person of the time with only rudimentary education would be likely to write in letters to his best friend. Lardner did permit himself occasional exaggerations for comic effect, but the accuracy of his eye and the care he took in writing prohibited him from indulging in the facile humor later practiced by his imitators whose humor consisted primarily of misspelled words. Lardner was trying to be both funny and accurate; he was also trying to get down on paper the words of a man who wrote the same way he talked. The scheme he devised was, if not provably accurate, certainly plausible. Jack misspelled simple words because he assumed he knew how to spell them, and he spelled long or unfamiliar words correctly because he presumably looked them up in the dictionary.

Lardner further enhanced the immediacy of the bushier stories by making Jack and his family almost the only fictional characters in them. The players, coaches, managers and owners were actual baseball figures, and in fact the spring-training trip that Jack takes in his rookie season follows the same route that Lardner took with the White Sox in 1913. The close mixture of fiction and reality inevitably led to some degree of confusion and an even greater degree of curiosity about the inspiration for the character of Jack. Lardner got mail about it, and reviewers and sports-

writers wrote about it, but Lardner kept his mouth shut. He got a certain pleasure out of all the gossip; he also knew better than anyone else that Jack was at heart a creature of the imagination.

The baseball in *Your Know Me Al* is notable for the accuracy and sensitivity with which Lardner, through Jack, reported it. His son John Lardner, who in his very different way was almost as successful and influential a sportswriter as his father, wrote in his introduction to a 1960 reissue of the book: "Its broader values to one side, there has never been a sounder baseball book. [If] you stop to pick over the accounts of ball games, you see that each detail is correct in relation to place, weather, time

Excerpted from the book "Ring: A Biography of Ring Lardner" by Jonathan Yardley, published by Random House

of year, and the hitting, pitching, or fielding idiosyncrasies of a hundred players. . . . I have never read a piece of baseball fiction, besides this one, in which there was no technical mistake." Even allowing for filial pride, that is an accurate assessment.

The bushier stories developed a huge popular following immediately upon publication, but the critics did not pay much attention to them until the mid-'20s, when Lardner's emergence as a leading author for the prominent publishing house of Charles Scribner's Sons forced people who had theretofore ignored him to take him seriously. The least patronizing and most valuable comment on Jack Keefe came from England, of all places, and from Virginia Woolf, of all people. Writing in *The Dial* in 1925, she encountered Lardner with a sense of genuine discovery, a clear amazement at what she had found. Her assessment of his work contains a certain element of intellectual slumming, but her understanding that he was writing a definably American language was correct:

"... Mr. Lardner is not merely unaware that we [English readers] differ; he is unaware that we exist. . . . Mr. Lardner does not waste a moment when he writes in thinking whether he is using American slang or Shakespeare's English. . . . all his mind is on the story. Hence, all our minds are on the story.

Hence, incidentally, he writes the best prose that has come our way.

To what does he owe his success? Besides his unconsciousness and the additional power which he is thus free to devote to his art, Mr. Lardner has talents of a remarkable order. With extraordinary ease and aptitude, with the quickest strokes, the surest touch, the sharpest insight, he lets Jack Keefe the baseball player cut his own outline, fill in his own depths, until the figure of the foolish, boastful, innocent athlete lives before us. . . . It is no coincidence that the best of Mr. Lardner's stories are about games, for one may guess that Mr. Lardner's interest in games has solved one of the most difficult problems of the American writer; it has given him a clue, a centre, a meeting place for the divers activities of people whom a vast continent isolates, whom no tradition controls. Games give him what society gives his English brother. Whatever the precise reason, Mr. Lardner at any rate provides something unique in its kind, something indigenous to the soil, which the traveller may carry off as a trophy to prove to the incredulous that he has actually been to America and found it a foreign land."

There can be little question that for many Americans, as for Virginia Woolf, Lardner was to be admired and imitated simply because he was so American. Like the game he wrote about, his fiction became another stem of admissible evidence in the case arguing the existence of a uniquely American character, culture and society, a position extremely important to many people in U.S. literary circles who were trying to shrug off the yoke of European tradition. H. L. Mencken, who celebrated Lardner's use of the American language to the point of extravagance, was perhaps chief among these unwitting offenders.

Yet when the bushier stories first came out, the public responded to them with the same unpretentious openness with which they were written. Lardner had found a sensitive nerve in his readers, one that tingled with the shock of recognition. This, indeed, was how it was, how we talked and wrote and thought, and Americans by the hundreds of thousands seized upon these "baseball stories" with delight and gratitude. **END**

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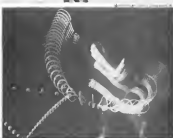
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Yesterday

by GEORGE GIFFE

TY COBB'S ANGER LED TO BASEBALL'S FIRST STRIKE, A COMEDY OF ERRORS

The first genuine strike in the history of baseball came not as a result of discontent with pay or working conditions, but as a kind of reflex action following the misbehavior of one of the game's most contentious characters, Ty Cobb.

In 1911, the Detroit Tigers had finished second to the Philadelphia Athletics, and feeling was high that they could go all the way in 1912. Cobb, the spark plug of the team, got off to a slow start that spring, along with the rest of the Tigers, but so did the A's. With a record of 12-14, Cobb and his teammates were anxious to get a streak started when they arrived at the old Hilltop Park for a game with the lowly New York Highlanders.

In the stands that day was Claude Lucker, a one-handed loudmouth who had a violent hatred of Cobb. Which wasn't unusual, because all American League parks had their Cobb haters and baiters. What was different in this case was Lucker's unique ability to infuriate Cobb. By the second inning the Detroit outfielder was so angry that he lingered in foul territory adjacent to left field when his team went to the dugout. He presumed he would not come to bat and did not trust himself to pass the section of the stands where Lucker sat awaiting the opportunity to unleash a torrent of abuse at point-blank range.

Two innings later, Cobb sat on the Tiger bench next to Sam Crawford as one obscenity after another was hurled at him. "You going to let that bum call you names?" Crawford finally asked. Cobb replied, "I don't know how much more I can take." When the Tigers were put out for the inning, Cobb started toward his position, and at that moment, Lucker outdid himself. Cobb suddenly whirled around and charged the stands. In an instant he had vaulted the railing and found his target. Sportswriters of the period had a field day describing what happened next. "Everything was very pleasant ... until Ty Cobb johnnykilled a specta-

tor right on the place where he talks, started the claret, and stopped the flow of profane and vulgar words," the Times writer noted. "Cobb led with a left jab and countered with a right kick to Mr. Spectator's left Weisbach, which made his peeper look as if someone had drawn a curtain over it. ... Jabs bounded off the spectator's face like a golf ball from a rock." Lucker's description to the police was less florid. "He struck me with his fists on the forehead over the left eye and knocked me down. Then he jumped on me and spiked me in the left leg and kicked me in the side, after which he booted me behind the left ear."

Cobb was banished from the game by Umpire Silk O'Loughlin. Then, without hearing Cobb's side of the incident, American League President Ban Johnson suspended him indefinitely. The high-handed treatment angered Cobb nearly as much as Lucker's barbs. "I should at least have had the opportunity to state my case," he said. "I feel that a great injustice has been done."

The rest of the Tigers agreed and two days later sent a message to the league office that stated, "We, the undersigned, refuse to play in another game after today, until such action is adjusted to our satisfaction. [Cobb] was fully justified in his action, as no one could stand such personal abuse from anyone. We want him reinstated for tomorrow's game, May 18, or there will be no game. If the players cannot have protection we must protect ourselves."

Manager Hughie Jennings wired Detroit owner Frank Navin, saying that he was sure the players were not bluffing and asking what to do to avoid incurring the mandatory \$5,000 fine for forfeiting a game. The next day it was clear Jennings' question had not been academic; when the team heard that Cobb's suspension was still in effect, the players changed out of their uniforms and left the Philadelphia park.

Navin ordered Jennings to get some sort of team together, which sent Hughie racing to the local sandlots. Some students from nearby St. Joseph's College were recruited, including a pitcher named Al Travers whose sole asset, by his own admission, was a roundhouse curve. "Any ballplayer who could stop a grapefruit from rolling uphill or hit a bull in the pants with a bass fiddle was given a chance," said Arthur (Bugs) Baer, another of the stand-ins.

About 20,000 Philadelphians were in Shibe Park to see a reinstated Cobb or a collection of misfits take on the Athletics' Eddie Collins, Home Run Baker and Herb Pennock. Jennings had strengthened his sandlot lineup with a couple of Detroit scouts, Joe Sugden, whose last game in the major leagues had been in 1905, and Deacon McGuire, who had been retired for two years.

Not surprisingly, Mack had his team play with as much vigor as if they were facing the real Tigers. At the end of four innings the score was 6-0 in favor of the A's. At this point it became plain that Travers could not field. One bunt baseball after another trickled down the third- and first-base lines until the Athletics had scored eight more runs.

Meanwhile, the fans were having a joyous time watching the team of stand-ins try to get Philadelphia out. The third baseman on the pickup club was struck in the mouth by a ground ball and lost two of his teeth. "This isn't baseball," he said, "this is war." One outfielder, Jack Leinhouser, had a fly ball land on his head. Nevertheless, he remained in the game. "I played all nine innings," he recalled, "and did nothing but chase balls all over the place. Jennings finally came out and told me to forget about trying to catch them on the fly. 'Just play them off the walls,' he told me."

After one hour and 45 minutes and nine "Tiger" errors, the game was over. Travers had pitched a full eight innings, yielded 25 hits and seven bases on balls and had struck out a batter. The game, a 24-2 victory for the Athletics, counted in the standings.

That was enough for an exasperated Navin, who wanted to cancel the remaining games until the strike could be settled. But he never had to. Perhaps fearing that Johnson would fine his teammates, Cobb decided he had played the role of martyr long enough. "Forget about me and go back to work," he told them. "You've made our point. ... I don't want you paying any more fines. Johnson will lift my suspension soon." After the players returned to the field, Johnson did fine them—\$100 each, except for Cobb, who was assessed \$50 and given a 10-day suspension.

Baseball's first strike was over. Many fans felt nothing had been proved, but others suddenly realized that baseball players were independent—and crazy—enough to do just about anything. **ENR**

Why do the best artists wind up in jail?

In Billings, Montana, it's a real pleasure for fine artists to wind up in jail because the town's old jail house is now The Yellowstone Art Center.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Aug. 15-21

CHESS—Former world champion BORIS SPASSKY of Russia defeated Jan Timman of Hungary 3½-0½ in Geneva and will now meet Viktor Korchnoi for the right to challenge the current titleholder, Anatoly Karpov of the U.S.S.R., next year. Korchnoi, who defeated Ivan Razov in 1976, earlier beat Lev Polugaevsky of the Soviet Union 3½-0½ in the other semifinal candidates match.

PRO FOOTBALL—Tampa Bay's 10-7 defeat of nine-prime Green Bay ended a 19-game losing streak and prompted Coach John McKay to comment, "We didn't exactly get roughed over there, but at this point I would have taken a forfeit and been happy." Meanwhile, two other recent surprise winners, Seattle ranked up its third exhibition win of the year by edging Super Bowl champion Oakland 12-10, the Seahawks' defense, won in the league last year, kept the Raiders from scoring in the second half. Lieutenant Denver downed the Falcons 10-7 in the Broncos' first-ever win at Atlanta, and Baltimore took advantage of four Minnesota turnovers as the Colts recovered the Vikings 20-17. Cleveland's Brian Sipe proved he could throw long with a 45-yard strike to Reggie Rucker. Sipe passed for two TDs to lead the Browns to a 19-10 victory over St. Louis. Joe Thompson, left hopeful of winning Washington's No. 1 quarterback spot from Bill Kilmer, set up two second-half field goals by Mark Moneaux with long passes to Larry Iones as the Redskins routed Kansas City 13-5, and Miami Quarterback Don Strom hit Ray Moore for touchdown passes of 56 and 69 yards to lead the Dolphins past Dallas 20-14. Tony Stashure threw two touchdowns passes and Ray Golec kicked a pair of field goals as the Steelers' 26-13 win over the Jets. New Orleans beat Buffalo 20-17. Lyle Alzado and Chicago scored touchdowns on a pair of fumble-down plays to defeat Houston 18-10. Archie Griffin scored a six-yard run to clinch a 31-yard drive following the opening kickoff, and Cuccinelli went on to a 17-13 win over Denver. The Giants fell to San Diego 20-17 and San Francisco beat Los Angeles 23-14.

GOLF—ANDY NORTH carded a 12-under-par 272 to earn his first major victory, the \$100,000 Westchester Classic at the Westchester Country Club in Westbury, N.Y. George Archer was second with 274.

DEBBIE AUSTIN had a two-under-par 30 final round for a 209 total, to win the \$150,000 Whelming (W. Va.) LPGA Classic by one stroke over Hollis Stacy (page A3).

HARNESS RACING—COLD CROWD (56:60), driven by Peter Haugebo, made one-half-century Games

Spent, with father Billy in the saddle, to win the \$126,000 Harry M. Zeig Memorial Stakes in 1:57½ at the New York State Turfgrounds in Syracuse.

HORSE RACING—JATSKI (1:58) from Maple up, was declared the winner of the 10th running of the Travers Stakes at Saratoga when Ron Dwyer's son, who scored the first live first, was disqualified and placed second in the 1½-mile \$112,000 event (page D8).

MAJESTIC LIGHT (3:40), Sandy Blanky up, set a track record when he won his third consecutive stakes race, the mile-and-a-quarter \$399,450 Amory L. MacCall Handicap, in 2:00½ at Monmouth Park.

SOCCER—The Cosmos and Seattle took giant steps toward the NASL championship by beating, respectively, Rochester 2-1 and Los Angeles 3-1 in the first games of the two-game semifinal series to determine the Atlantic and Pacific Conference champions. At midweek the Cosmos earned the right to meet the Lakers by defeating San Luis Obispo for the second time, 3-2 in a shootout. Pele scored the first goal, Giorgio Chinaglia the second, and Perry Garbett had the winning point. Rochester advanced to the Atlantic final playing two more short the extra second half because of confusion. In downing Toronto northwester, L.O. Thomas Silva scored the only goal. The Aces, runner-up in the South in the regular season, became dramatic change by beating Dallas 3-1, setting a league record for scoring three consecutive goals in 3:29. Mike Ryan scored at 78:04. Don Backen at 80:46 and Charlie Cooke off a George Best assist at 81:33. The Sounders put into the playoffs by edging the Kicks 1-0 when Tommy Donnie hit on a penalty kick after Minnesota's Ron Fitcher was called for illegal use of hands in the penalty area. Seattle's Jim McAllister, at 20 the youngest player ever to start for the Sounders, was named NASL Rookie of the Year and Franz Beckenbauer upset Pele by 12 votes to receive league MVP honors.

SWIMMING—At the European championships in Stockholm, Sweden, GERALD MORKEN of West Germany won the 100-meter breaststroke in a world-record 1:02.16, a quarter of a second under John Hencken's mark, and PETER THOMER of East Germany broke her own 400-meter freestyle world record of 4:09.89 with a 4:08.95 clocking. ULRICH TAUBER of East Germany, broke her own world record by a full second in the 200-meter individual medley with a time of 2:15.93.

At the AAL long-course championships in Mexico City, Calif., one world and eight American records were

set—all by women—and the 30-member team to represent the U.S. at dual meets in East Germany and Warsaw was selected (page F8).

TENNIS—WTT Both best-of-three division championships—New York vs. Boston and Phoenix vs. San Diego—started with the women's divisional leaders losing at home in upsets up, in the West, Chris Evert crushed Kerry Held 6-2 but San Diego beat Phoenix 20-26. In the East, Martina Navratilova of the Lottos, seeded in league, led in both singles and doubles, but her singles match to the Apries' Billie Jean King 6-4 and, with Gwyer Sorensen, was downed off by King and Virginia Wade 6-4 in doubles as the Apries topped the Lottos 20-21. The two Western teams reached the division final by disposing of their opponents in straight matches. Phoenix whopped San Diego 30-14 and 27-26, and San Diego overcame Colorado 30-24 and 28-21. Both Eastern and Western teams reached three matches. New York defeated Indiana 33-21 and 31-15 while Boston pointed off Cleveland 30-26, 20-21 and 28-21.

TRACK & FIELD—ALBERTO JUANTORENA of Cuba ran the 800 in a world record 1:43.43 at the World University Games in Sofia, Bulgaria. Following by 107 seconds the mark he set at the Montreal Olympics (page A6). Contemporary ALEJANDRO CASANAS finished 53 seconds off Bud Muller's 3-year-old 110-meter hurdles world record with a 13.21 clocking.

JOHN WALKER of New Zealand won the 1,500 in 3:53.7 in a half-second under Philibert Bely's world record at the Iv'e Van Domeke Memorial meet in Brussels.

HELENA FIRINGEROVA of Czechoslovakia bettered her own world record by 13 inches when she put the shot 17' 2½" at an international meet at Nitra, Czechoslovakia.

VOLLEYBALL—With two weeks remaining in the regular season, Phoenix exceeded its victory target to stay, leaving Orange County for the season's longest and winning three first place to seventh in the Continental Division. Tucson is now at the divisional cutoff, having lost 16 out of 19 matches, the latest to Santa Barbara in last Game 1, longed leader of upsets, had 9 wins in 35 attempts, in the Western Division. Orange County remains unchallenged.

CREDITS

4—Drawing by Michael Rappaport, 14—drawing by GUY WILSON, 20—Lynn Stewart, 26—Herald Christensen, 26—Tony Tomlin, 32—Tony Tomlin, 36—Herald Christensen, 36—Tony Tomlin, 36—Joe D'Almeida, 36—Gail M. Smith, 36—

FACES IN THE CROWD



JOE WALTER
BALTIMORE

Walter, 20, won the Baltimore Public Parks golf championship by a record 10 strokes. The University of Georgia junior also took the Maryland State Play 54-hole tournament at the Mount Pleasant Golf Course by seven strokes.



PATTI HAMM
FORT RANDALL, TEXAS

Hamm, a 23-year-old secretary, holds the state all-time record for bluefin tuna (540 pounds). Until recently she also held state records for blue marlin (560 pounds) and Make shark (325 pounds), both based on 80-pound test.



JANET BOATMAN
MORILLA, N.Y.

Boatman, 32, won her second straight national women's open freestyle outdoor field-archery championship, in Clinton, S.C., scoring a total of 7,617 out of a possible 7,800 points. She has also won eight New York State indoor titles.



JACKIE JOYNER
EMMETT, IDAHO

Joyner, 15, of the East St. Louis Raiders track club won the intermediate girls pentathlon at the National Junior Olympics at Yakima, Wash. Her 3,611 points, 207 more than her nearest rival, were a U.S. age-group record.



JOHN E. RUSSELL, M.D.
GLEN MILLS, PA.

Dr. Russell, 36, Florida Medical Society fitness chairman, won two events at the AAU Masters track and field championships in Pomona, N.J. and later in the day had five firsts at the Pennsylvania Dutch Masters meet in Reading, Pa.



DEBORAH MICHAEL
RANCHO MIRAGE

Michael, 30, won the women's title at the 56th World Horseshoe Patching Championship held in Greenville, Ohio when she defeated five-time world champion Ruth Hansen of Gettysville, N.Y., 38-52, 50-40, 54-47 in the playoff.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

OH OH OH

Sir,

After reading Frank Deford's article *Move Over for Oh-san* (Aug. 15), I was disheartened. Not because a great player like Oh is not playing in the U.S., but because of the marvelous attitude of the Japanese ballplayers Deford wrote of. I'm sure that if our "millionaire crybabes" had half the pride in baseball the Japanese have, we'd have more Oh-type players over here.

ROB HILDEBRAND
Seattle

Sir,

Big deal—300 feet down the line and 395 in center. You say the Japanese don't have our pitching and they have to generate their own power. Heck, with those measurements they don't have to generate much power. If Sadaharu Oh is so great, just imagine what Henry Aaron, Babe Ruth, Ted Williams and Mickey Mantle would do. In Japanese ball Rod Carew would have a field day.

JIM MURPHY
West Bloomfield, Mich.

Sir,

Aaron could have hit 1,000 homers in Japan.

MILES MURPHY
Baltimore

Sir:

Sadaharu Oh in the Hall of Fame when he has never had to face Sandy Koufax, Bob Gibson or Tom Seaver? No way.

DAVID L. ANSELL
New City, N.Y.

Sir:

Who exactly has been serving up those egg rolls? Certainly not Nolan Ryan, Tom Seaver or Steve Carlton.

JUSTIN J. CATANOSO
North Wildwood, N.J.

Sir,

Comparing matrix tables and frequency charts through computers, we have reached two conclusions. If Henry Aaron had spent his entire career playing Japanese baseball, he would have 922 home runs. If Sadaharu Oh had played in the U.S., his total at present would be 502.

AMT SILBERMAN
NEIL WOODWARD
Oklahoma City

Sir,

Baseball's home-run champion? Oh? No! MIKE MURRAY Jacksonville, Ala.

Sir:

Deford says, "Let us examine this athlete who has hit 742 home runs, more than

Babe Ruth and, soon, more than Henry Aaron, more than anyone in the world."

Well, you are wrong! That record is not held by Aaron. It is held by Josh Gibson, who hit 800 home runs (including 84 in one season) for the Homestead Grays of the Negro league between 1930 and 1947. If Josh Gibson was good enough to be elected to the Baseball Hall of Fame in 1972, then he should be the "All-League" leader in home runs. Sadaharu Oh has his work cut out for him.

ROBERT SANTULLI
Wolfeboro, N.H.

Sir:

Certainly Sadaharu Oh deserves credit for his outstanding feats, but only in his own country. Comparing him to the likes of Babe Ruth and the king, Henry Aaron, is almost blasphemy.

Mister Oh doesn't have to put up with such things as being black and going after a white man's record, jet lag, death threats, constant pressure and having to play in larger ball parks than those of Japan.

Perhaps if Aaron had played in Japan, he wouldn't have to worry about all this foolishness of people talking about how a Chinese-American is going to break his homer record.

NICK MILLER
Boone, Iowa

Sir:

One difference between pro baseball in the U.S. and Japan is that extra innings are not played in Japan; instead, ties are included in the standings. A group of us were recently invited to play in a softball tournament while in Japan. We won two of our three games easily, but the third was tied after regulation play. Both teams were brought to home plate where the rival managers played the old paper-rock-scissors game. We lost and were out of the tournament. Amazing!

TOM KINGSBURY
JOHN GERSEN
Burnsville, Minn.

HOLLYWOOD JOE

Sir:

Joe Namath in blue and gold looks as strange as Tom Seaver in red and white.

JUDY SIMPSON
Indianapolis

Sir:

When Joe Namath left the Jets he did so without a single tribute from the New York media or the Jets' management—this despite the fact that he brought New York a championship and played in pain, uncomplainingly, for years, while the Jets' management allowed the team to deteriorate around him.

I, for one, am glad to see Joe appreciated by his new fans in Los Angeles.

JIM WESGERT
New York City

FLEA CIRCUS

Sir,

As the owner of three feline fleabags I found Bill Gilbert's article on the nasty little critters (*I've Got You Under My Skin*, Aug. 15) very interesting. Now I know everything I never wanted to know about them. But what was that article doing in SI? I suggest you put a collar on articles not relating to sports before your magazine turns into a circus.

DAN TREAT
Cupertino, Calif.

MONZON

Sir,

As much as I idolize Muhammad Ali, I believe it is about time another deserving individual such as Carlos Monzon is given proper recognition, and after 83 fights without a defeat he is indeed deserving (*A Star Bows Out*, a *Star Bows In*, Aug. 8). Fine job.

JEFF SMITH
Chamblee, Ga.

ATKINSON-SWANN

Sir,

I disagree wholeheartedly with Judith Magruder's letter about the Noll-Atkinson trial (*19TH HOLE*, Aug. 15).

First, Atkinson is a dirty player. He gave Lynn Swann a concussion, then in the playoffs against New England he broke Russ Francis' nose. Second, Noll didn't cry after he lost the game. Magruder should remember that Noll is the man who brought the Steelers from a 1-13 record to two consecutive Super Bowl victories. Third, she probably dislikes Swann because of his fantastic ability and because he won the 1975 Super Bowl MVP.

I really dislike the Oakland Raiders and I love the Steelers.

DANA BEATTIE
Pittsburgh

Sir,

I will agree that the Oakland Raiders are indeed champions. They proved that, by virtue of their Super Bowl victory. But if Atkinson's hit on Swann is an example of their "own brand of aggressive and beautifully brilliant football" (as Ms. Magruder calls it), then people from coast to coast should be disgusted and horrified, not thrilled. Good hard football is one thing, but unrestrained violence of this type is bad for the game and everyone who watches. The verdict was just in not condoning such illegal and fraudulent acts.

D. M. FINCH
Pittsburgh

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

Sir:

Mr. Magruder would have told Swann, "If you don't want to be hit, get out of the game." She is correct to an extent: football depends on the "hit" for its existence. However, the hit Swann received from Atkinson should not be permitted to go unpunished, whether it took place on the football field or on a street corner. People are in jail for doing precisely what Atkinson did to Swann. Worse, Atkinson did it while Swann's back was turned. It was an extremely cheap and cowardly move, and merely one more example that symbolizes the Oakland Raiders.

MARK A. SHEEDAN
Pittsburgh

LESS IS MORE

Sir:

I thoroughly enjoyed *Driven by Madness* (Aug. 8), although I was confused by who got the most exposure—the cyclist or the cyclist.

HOWARD DAHLEM
Aberdeen, Mass.

GALVIN OROPPED IT

Sir:

I have little respect for Calvin Murphy—not because he's a male baton twirler (*Calvin Discovers Murphy's Law*, Aug. 15), but because he disappointed me very much. He was supposed to be a guest speaker at Dave Cowens' basketball school instead of twirling his baton in Denver last week.

BOB ARLEMAN
Milford, Mass.

GOLD DIGGERS

Sir:

Fred C. Dobbs' letter kindled a spark. I think that B. Traven himself would have used the brush if he had thought of it.

In any event, the urban who sold Fred C. Dobbs the winning lottery ticket was Barett, not Robert Blake.

And that's the name of the tune.

JIM BATALES
Bellevue, Wash.

Sir:

I enjoyed Robert Cantwell's burro story, but Fred Dobbs' recollection really intrigued me. If memory serves, I believe I met Mr. Dobbs in a rundown bar in Morocco during World War II. As time goes by, the memory dims, however. Maybe it was while serving on the U.S.S. Caine at about the same time. What ever did happen to those strawberries, anyway? At any rate, thanks for playing it again, Fred, or Rick, or Sam, or whatever. By the way, I recently came across that black bird you were looking for.

JAMES A. COX
Bolivar, Ohio

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